

Emma Smuller Carter





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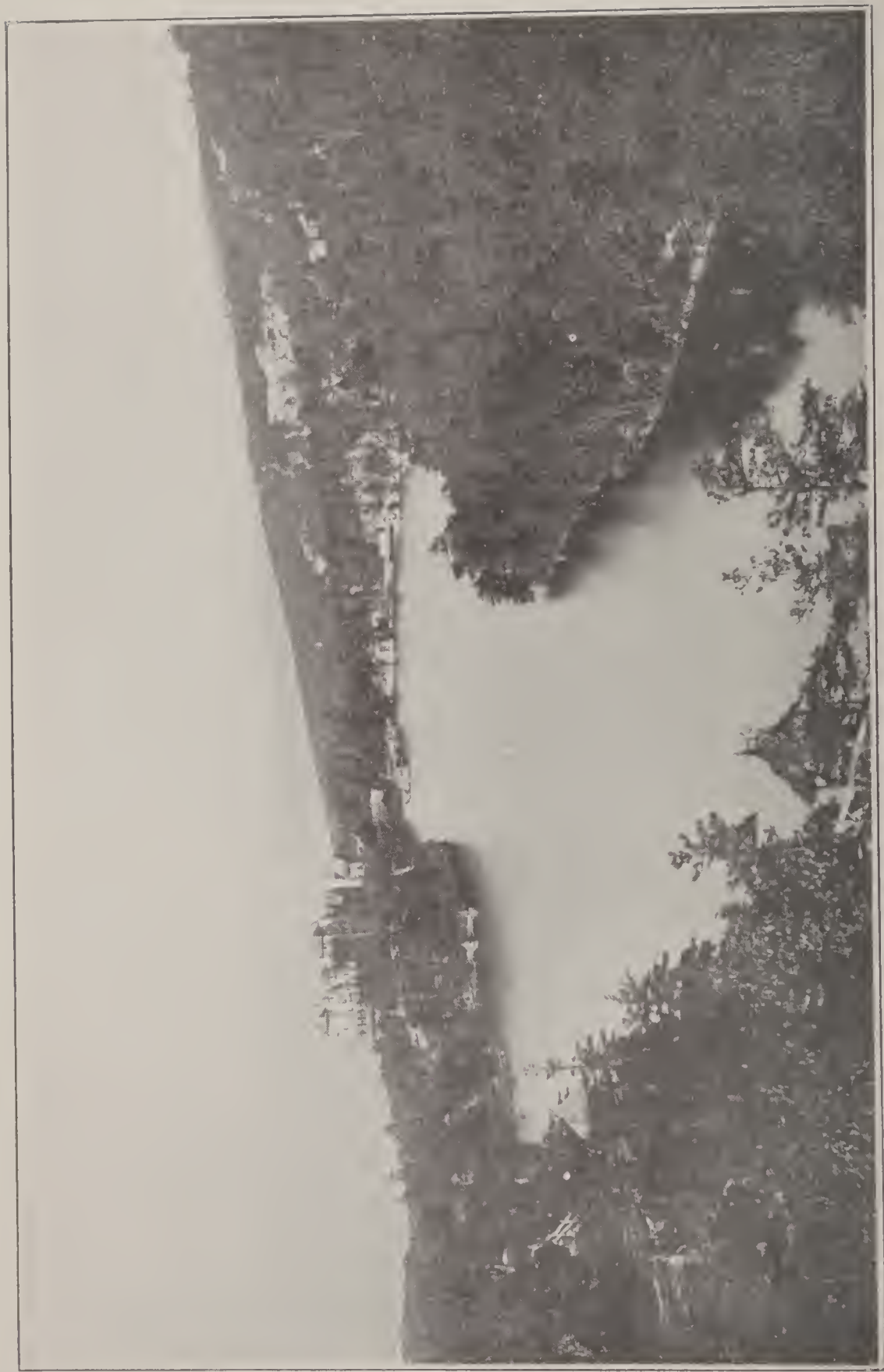


# Lays of the Lake









“LYING SILENT AND SERENE”

# Lays of the Lake

*And Other Lyrics*

By  
EMMA SMULLER CARTER



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My Dear Sister:

*You have often asked me to gather into a little book some of the verses that have come to me from time to time, many of them written at your suggestion. I have tried to do it; but they seem for the most part so simple, springing up as they have done along the pathway of everyday life,—just the common wayside flowers,—possibly few besides ourselves may care to look among the leaves for our vagrant blossoms? However, here they are for you, dear, the daisies and the sweetbrier, the heal-all and the hearts-ease, the ragweed and the jewelweed, plucked along the way,—such a bunch as you and I have often carried home together.*

*Your E.*

*Lincoln University, Pa.,  
September 30, 1910.*



## Foreword

*They were wise, those ancients, who built their altars at the sources of their rivers, where the rill gurgled forth from the rock, like that slender, trickling stream of Castalia, that slips so silently through the crevices of the mysterious mountain to its quiet pool below the Temple at Delphi. They recognized the source of things. For the same reason I send forth my little verses from the Lakeside where so many of them were written, to trickle, perhaps, a little way, and then to rest in some quiet pool of memory, reflecting still these shores to hearts that love them.*

EMMA SMULLER CARTER.

*Mohonk Lake, N. Y.*





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PART I

Lays of the Lake





## LAUREL TIME

**I**T is the prime of laurel time,  
And every hillside hollow  
And barren way is blooming gay  
With garlands of Apollo.

The pearly bells, like fluted shells  
Flung up by fabled fountain,  
Against a screen of glossy green,  
Make Eden of our mountain.

All white and rose the pathway glows,  
And every breeze is bringing  
A blush—but hush!—a hermit thrush  
Among the leaves is singing.

So lone the spot, he heeds us not,  
Nor dreams of mortals near him;  
'Tis still,—so still,—then trill on trill.  
Ah! but 'tis Heaven to hear him.

Were never heard from throat of bird  
Such mellow measures ringing,  
So strong and sure, so liquid pure,  
As if a soul were singing.

## Lays of the Lake

With swell and close the music flows  
In harmonies so haunting  
And themes untaught of human thought,  
Like nuns at evening chanting.

A light wind blows, the boughs uncloze,—  
Now look on him and love him.  
The leaves have made, with sun and shade,  
A shining crown above him.

We greet him there, with foreheads bare,  
And fain his flight would follow,—  
Our little laureate of the air,—  
With garlands of Apollo.

CROWN OF SILVER

**C**ROWN of silver, tongue of gold,  
Mind of memories manifold,  
Like a parchment rare unrolled;  
Heart of tenderness untold,  
Wide and warm a world to enfold;—  
This, forsooth, is growing old.  
Holding all that life can hold,  
Joy, and love that grows not cold,  
Birthrights never to be sold;  
Treasure stores of ageless truth;  
Yet 'tis age, we say, forsooth!  
Rather say: eternal youth.

## Lays of the Lake

### ZAIDEE'S BOWER

**T**ALE of a magic mountain maid,  
Told 'neath her roof-tree's trembling  
shade ;

Aloft it hangs, a fluttering screen,  
And fleecy cloudlets float between.

---

So this is where young Zaidee dwelt ;  
By yon small altar stone she knelt ;  
This is the chimney place where she  
Was wont to brew her cup of tea ;  
That clump of fronded ferns is where  
She used to set her jardinière ;  
There is her little bedroom door,  
With leafy portière hung before.  
In this huge armchair used to rest,  
At sunset time, sweet Zaidee's guest,  
The big, brave giant, famed of old,  
Whose workshop you may still behold.  
Daily he came, at twilight hour,  
To woo the maiden in her bower,  
And watch where waves of sunset rolled,  
A sea of crimson and of gold.

Sometimes these lovers chose to take  
A pleasant walk beside the lake ;  
Sometimes they launched their birch-bark skiff,  
And sailed to where the beetling cliff  
And overhanging branches made  
A quite secluded twilight shade ;

## Zaidee's Bower

And there, in quiet conversation,  
Which hardly needs succinct narration,  
The hours flew by like birds of air,  
So light, so free from thought of care ;  
While Zaidee touched her small guitar,  
And songs would float so free and far ;  
Or strong the giant's voice would ring,  
The while he twanged his banjo string,  
And rocks and hills would echo far,  
“ M, O, H, O, N, K ! 'ra ! 'ra ! ”

But that was years and years ago ;  
This couple, long, long since, you know,  
Have vanished from the mountainside,—  
The giant, and his bonny bride.  
But, that their memory might last,  
Before she went, kind Zaidee cast  
A magic spell about her bower,  
A spell of quite resistless power.  
Let no unwary maiden fancy  
She can resist such necromancy ;  
But let all maidens listen well,  
For this was Zaidee's magic spell :  
That if, in any future hour,  
A man and maid should seek her bower,  
Some future giant, there to woo  
The lady of his love so true,  
That stout rock roof should never cover  
An unkind maid or luckless lover.

THE LOST SONG

**A**T Ides of March our red bird came,  
A thrill of song, a flight of flame,  
Amid the thick-set firs that hide  
Our windows, on the northern side.  
No troubadour of old Madrid,  
Below his lady's lattice hid,  
E'er poured a more ecstatic strain  
Upon the amorous airs of Spain,  
Than this gay grosbeck deigned to bring,  
To greet our tardy northern spring.  
So pure the notes, so bright the flame,  
We doubted much from whence they came ;  
We called our bird the thief of Heaven,  
And hoped that he might be forgiven.

We knew his sombre little mate  
Within her thorny thicket sate,  
Somewhere a-near, but out of sight ;  
And listened to her heart's delight.  
Meantime, her lusty lord, alas !  
Had spied his image in our glass.  
No young Adonis he, to fall  
Enraptured, under love's sweet thrall ;  
With rage he saw a rival near ;  
Like dueling don or cavalier,  
He fought his foe of crimson stains,  
And beat his beak against our panes.



## The Lost Song

Day after day his war he waged,  
Still growing daily more enraged ;  
The singing ceased, the grove was mute,  
The " little rift within the lute "  
Was just a fantasy, a shade,  
To come and go, to flit and fade.

Ah ! but the world has lost its song,  
Has missed its music all along,  
From ceaseless strife in church and state,  
And love has sat disconsolate,  
For nothing more than this, alas !  
A passing image in the glass.  
Oh, pitiful ! the bickerings,  
The beating back with beak and wings,  
The phantom foes, the fancied wrong,  
And oh, the silence for the song !

## Lays of the Lake

### MOHONK



H, the dainty, dainty green  
Of the water's wavy sheen,—  
Far away such lakes are seen.

Sometimes they are floating high,—  
Thou may'st see one by and by,  
In the cloud-land of the sky ;

When the red sun sinks to rest,  
In the fair fields of the West,  
The Elysium of the blest.

Sometimes they may lie below  
Alpine skies, where foam and flow  
Rivers from the ice and snow.

Thou hast seen such lakes, I ween,  
Lying silent and serene,  
Where the Inn flows white between ;

Like a necklace down the vale,  
On a thread of silver frail,  
Gems of jade, so pure and pale ;

Where sweet Silvaplana lies,  
Lifted to the bending skies,  
Just outside of Paradise.

Where Sils Maria, on the green,  
Sits, a white-robed May-day queen,  
Jewel of the Engadine ;

Or where, cloud-like, lies revealed  
Broad del Garda's burnished shield,  
Flashing on an azure field.

Shining lakes, so far away,  
Shine for him who loves to stray,  
Leave me mine this summer day.

Leave me lake, and rock-bound strand,  
And the wide, well-wooded land,  
And the warm touch of thy hand.

## FRUITION

¶ SPEAK the word, I sow the seed,  
To your good heart-soil it is brought ;  
The blossom is a kindly thought,  
The fruit it bears, a loving deed.

Lays of the Lake

“ EASTER BRINGS THY WEDDING-DAY ”

“ **W**HY do groves of orange grow,  
Bearing blossoms white as snow ? ”

“ All the groves that ever grew,  
Waited, Little One, for you,

“ Bloomed for nothing else beside,  
But to deck my dainty bride.”

“ Why do tall magnolia trees  
Fling their fragrance on the breeze ;

“ Shedding sweet and subtle balms  
In the shadows of the palms ? ”

“ They are censers, swaying high,  
Sweet with incense from the sky,

“ Dewy incense, downward shed,  
Dearest, on thy bended head.”

“ Why do lilies, tall and straight,  
Hold their silver cups, and wait ? ”

“ They are chalices, ye wist,  
For the Holy Eucharist.

“ Bow beside them, Sweet, and pray ;  
Easter brings thy Wedding-day.”

## The Legend of the Labyrinth

### THE LEGEND OF THE LABYRINTH

♦ **I**T chanced, on a time, in the days of yore,  
A century, mayhap, before  
The white man trod our Hudson's shore;

When the wild Algonquins ruled the land  
The Mincees here, at the nearer hand,  
And the Mohicans on the Eastern strand;

There arose a chief on either side,  
Two mighty sachems, men of pride,  
Who each the other's power defied.

On the eastern bank, by the broad Ko-hoag,  
Of the fifth remove from the Wampanoag,  
Ruled the fierce and famous chief Qua Boag.

He had miles of maize on the meadows low,  
He had fields where the golden squash would  
grow,  
Where the women wielded the moose-blade  
hoe.

And year by year, on the tenth of May,  
"The butternut leaves are large," he would say,  
"As a squirrel's ear; this is planting day."

He'd tobacco fields too noble and great  
For the labor of woman's low estate,  
That the hands of braves must cultivate.

## Lays of the Lake

For these were but mortal men, in fine,  
Whose laws were custom, whose lords divine ;  
Though their chiefs did follow the female line.

But above all else Qua Boag possessed,  
A treasure far dearer than all the rest,  
The pride and hope of the bold chief's breast,

He'd a brave young son, such a dazzling youth,  
Such an aboriginal mirror of truth,  
He was—indescribable, in sooth.

Now it chanced, as the world will sometimes  
go,  
That the Mincee chief, Qua Boag's foe,  
Who was called Squak-heag, possessed also

A wonderful child, with an eye of night,  
And a forehead fair as the morning light,  
And locks as straight as the arrow's flight.

She was lithe and light as the smoke-wreath's  
curl,  
Her lips were coral, her teeth were pearl,  
And her name meant " Hyacinth," and " sweet  
girl."

And oft, o'er the waters, went and came  
The young chief's shallop ; it was a shame,  
And the girl, of course, was the most to blame.

## The Legend of the Labyrinth

Well, the fathers, finally, found it out,  
And oh ! how those parents stormed about,  
And the girl was imprisoned in stockades stout.

But who could twist such a strong stockade,  
Or plant so lofty a pallisade,  
That love could not leap the barricade ?

And so, it befell on a summer's night,  
When the moon, in kindness, withheld her  
light,  
That the chieftains' children took to flight.

Softly they stole down the wigwam street,  
Trembling to tread with their moccasined feet,  
That fear made silent, and love made fleet.

Lightly they flew, but the jealous ear  
Of the chief Squak-heag, keen with fear,  
Those flying footsteps needs must hear.

In vain had the maiden waked and prayed,  
Called the birds, and the breeze, and dreams  
to her aid ;  
By each mystic ritual betrayed,

Now a desperate chase over paths untried,  
Upheld at her lover's panting side,  
Where the depths of the forest shades might  
hide ;



## Lays of the Lake

By gloomy glades of the Shewangunk,  
By darksome dens where the brown bear slunk,  
Toward the rocky ridge of the Lake Mohonk.

Along the ridge, with the speed of the wind,  
On and on, where the brier-vines bind,  
On, with a father's wrath behind.

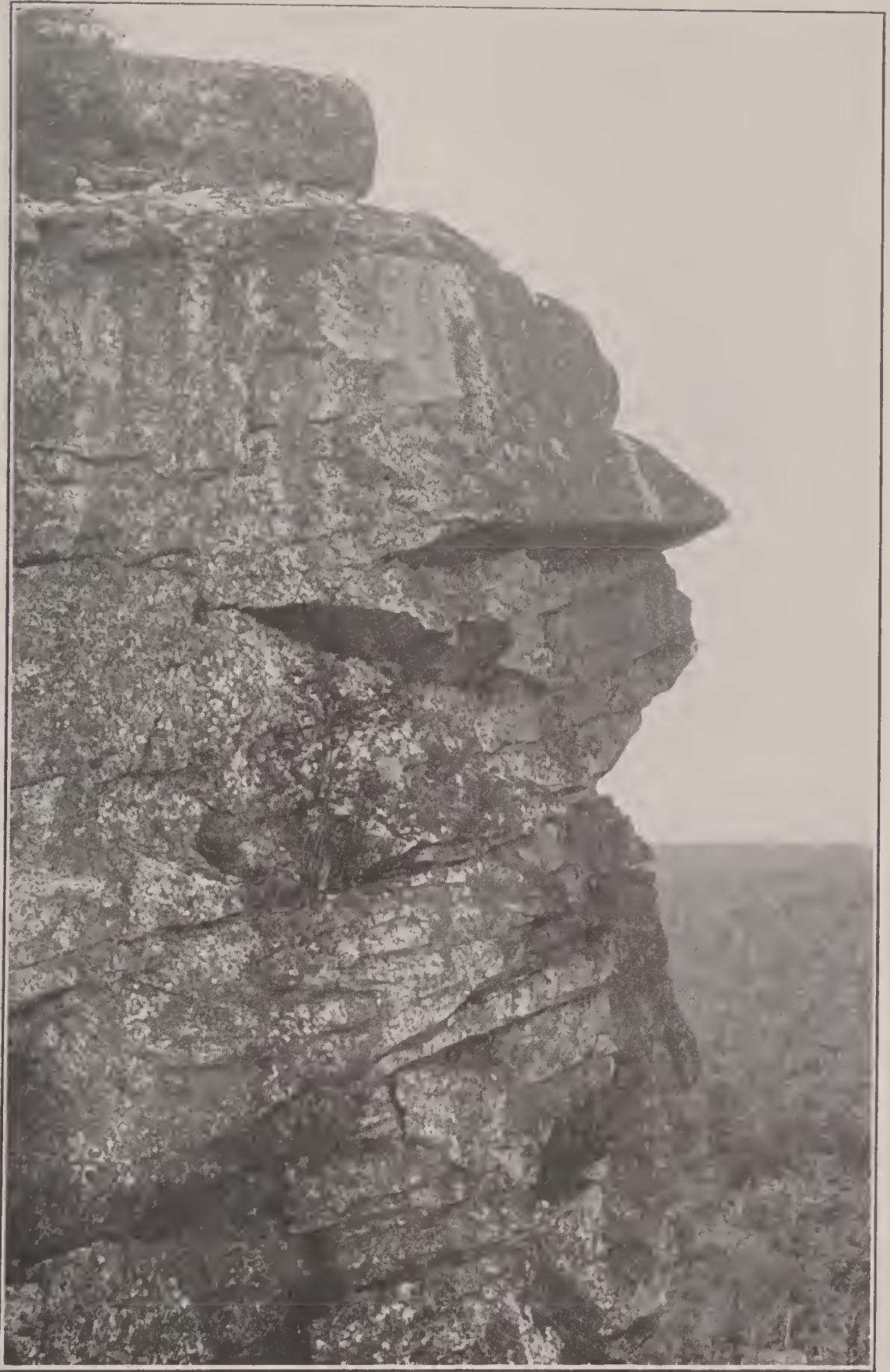
Oh, he followed fast, till a beam of light  
Showed the lovers poised on the cliff's sheer  
height,  
And they dropped, like a falling star, from  
sight.

He pressed to the verge and the depths de-  
scried ;  
With a wail of wild remorse he cried ;  
Then silent, he stood there, petrified !

And there, to the end of time, alone,  
His wrath relentless to atone,  
His sculptured face stares from the stone.

But the lovers ? My maiden, dry that tear,  
There's a happy ending still to hear,  
The best comes last, as it should, my dear.

By a sudden turn, sweet Hyacinth  
Found her feet in the mountain's splintered  
plinth,  
And the twain were safe in the labyrinth.



“HIS SCULPTURED FACE STARES FROM THE STONE”



## The Legend of the Labyrinth

Oh, the story were long, and long to tell,  
How they loved the cool lake-side so well,  
That they brought their people here to dwell.

How, instead of wigwams,—just to think !  
They built thatched bowers by the water's  
    brink,  
Where the pretty deer came down to drink.

So, these Mohican-Mincees multiplied,  
And the straw-thatched homes where they  
    lived and died,  
Still, vacant, are dotting the steep lake-side.

And there, where the cliff-rocks bare and  
    brown,  
Over the limpid waters frown,  
The profile of Squak-heag looks down,

A warning, a lesson for fathers to learn,  
Who over their children's welfare yearn,  
That they never should be too hard and stern.

And still, as the autumn days roll round,  
The red man's footsteps here resound,  
Tramping his ancient camping ground.

And the red and the white man sit at ease,  
And talk while the camp-fire lights increase,  
As they smoke the Calumet of Peace.

## Wander Songs

---

### “ MONS' EMILE ”

“ **M**ONS' EMILE ! ” I could but love  
thee,  
With thy blue eyes' sunny glance,  
Bright with welcome as above thee  
Beamed the summer sky of France ;  
With thy snow-white locks descending,  
Spring still blooming on thy cheek,  
At the old loom ever bending,  
In thy broad, low-browed fabrique.

High above, the forest stately,  
Where the kings rode long ago,  
Circled arms of strength sedately  
Round the beautiful Chateau.  
Through the silence, all the noises  
Of the military town,  
And the church-tower's chiming voices  
Were forever drifting down.

Voices calling to the altar  
Where thy footsteps, Mons' Emile,  
Evermore were wont to falter,  
Trembling half to turn and kneel.



## Wander Songs

And the people, past thee straying,  
Looks of scorn or pity cast,  
Saying: "Mons' Emile is praying  
For the pardon of the past.

"For the heritage he squandered,  
With his wild and wilful ways,  
When from Holy Church he wandered,  
Years ago, in youthful days.  
While his brother, saints be praised,  
To the great Archbishop's chair,  
By His Holiness was raised,  
Ah! mon Dieu! in Paris there."

Whereat Mons' Emile, uprising,  
Not a thought upon them cast,  
Not a glance for their despising,  
Only, peaceful, outward passed;  
Looking up so childlike-purely  
From those patient, pleading eyes,  
Saintliest of sinners, surely,  
Walking this side Paradise.

Outward, through the forest tramping,  
Sped this gentle Mons' Emile,  
Not where artists came for camping,  
Nor with tourists at his heel;  
But by paths unknown and hidden,  
That no other eye could see;—  
Then it was, dear friend, unbidden,  
I arose and followed thee.

## Lays of the Lake

Oh, the hours we tramped together,  
Old companion, thou and I !  
Through the fragrant purple heather,  
Or the fronded ferns, breast-high ;  
Over smooth and sunlit reaches,  
Where the trembling aspen made,—  
Or the slender silver beeches,—  
Tapestries of dappled shade.

Dappled like the deer that bounded  
Through the copse, as we drew near ;  
Mons' Emile his soft call sounded,  
And they all forgot their fear.  
Every forest creature knew him,  
Even the very birds above  
Heard his whistle and came to him,  
Thrush and lark and timid dove.

Wandering at times unwary,  
We drew near the rustic cell  
Where, for long, a solitary,  
Mons' Emile was doomed to dwell ;  
Meekly bearing all abasement,  
All that crushed and crucified,  
For his folly's full effacement,  
And the humbling of his pride.

Passing thence, as if in dreaming,  
Down some gothic forest aisle,  
Where the level sunset, beaming,  
Seemed reflected in his smile,



## Wander Songs

Calm he walked, with eyes uplifted  
To the veiled vault of blue,  
Where the arching branches, rifted,  
Let the light of glory through.

Bathed in Heaven's own baptism,  
Radiance seemed to wrap him round,  
Resting, like a holy chrism,  
On the forehead, silver-crowned.  
And I felt that revelation  
To my dust come all too near;  
From the strange transfiguration  
Oft I veiled mine eyes in fear.

And I could but dimly ponder,  
When with "Benedicite,"  
In the great cathedral yonder,  
Raised His Grace the fingers three,  
If, upon the jeweled mitre,  
Heaven a purer light would shed,  
Halo holier or brighter,  
Than on Mons' Emile's white head.

---

Friend, farewell. The forest places  
Rustle to thy tread no more;  
Naught is left but vacant spaces  
Where thy presence passed before.  
In this vast cathedral solemn,  
Home that knew and loved thee best,  
Many a lofty, leaf-crowned column  
Guards thy place of peaceful rest.

## Lays of the Lake

On the day they laid thee lowly,  
In thy sweet and dreamless bed,  
All the bells were tolling slowly  
For the great Archbishop, dead.  
Tolling, all the bells of Paris ;  
Solemn mass and mournful psalm,  
Requiems and misereres  
Rang through lofty Notre Dame.

But the forest voices only  
Rang their notes of peace and love,  
Singing o'er the mound left lonely,  
Thrush and lark and timid dove ;  
And the angels, as each brother  
Came, at Heaven's door to kneel,  
Knew them not one from the other,  
Which His Grace, or Mons' Emile.

For the golden gate immortal,  
Which forever stands a-wide,  
Swings not more its pearly portal  
For the purple robe of pride.  
And they went, the Pontiff holy  
And the pardoned son of sin,  
Went together, bending lowly,  
And together entered in.

*Fontainebleau.*

NEMESIS

**T**HOUGH pardoned our past wrongs,  
and hidden  
In fathomless depths evermore,  
Their memory rises unbidden,  
A rampart of rock on the shore.

When waves beating high at Gibraltar  
Shall level it low with the sea,  
Then surges of sorrow may alter  
Past records for you and for me.

THE BROWNINGS IN FLORENCE

**H**OW shall I say a word of them,  
Whose lives to one true rhythm rang,  
Clear as the bells that diadem  
Yon tower, with sturdy clash and clang,  
Struck through by one sweet silver note,  
Throbbing, as from a thrush's throat,  
But this :—they lived, and loved, and sang.

Loved, as unlikeness only could,  
Loved each the other, constantly ;  
To fatherhood and motherhood  
Brought of a love beyond degree ;  
The world of matter and of mind  
Loved freely, loving all mankind,—  
And God, who hath made all men free.

Sang out their lives, sang out their loves,  
For, deeper than philosophy,  
Stronger than any power that moves  
The poet's pen, must ever be  
The deep, strong current of the life ;  
So sang the man, so sang the wife,—  
Sang most their love for Italy.

## Wander Songs

Not Italy whose spell has cast  
Its magic thrall round you and me,  
Not for the glory of the past,  
But for the glory yet to be,  
They loved and sang ; and, as they wrought,  
Through Casa Guidi Windows caught  
Bright gleams of possibility.

Saw, from the chambers of the night,  
A day new-born begin to glow ;  
Fair radiance from the lurid light  
Of yonder altar, long ago.—  
You know the place, within the Square,  
And how it fell, that blood-red glare,  
On the Palazzo Vecchio.

So grows the day, bright and more bright,  
The world's one day that hastens on ;  
The morning breaks with clearer light  
Than glorified the evening gone ;  
But those glad rays, those sunrise fires,  
Flame upward from earth's funeral pyres,  
The martyrs usher in the dawn.

The fountain flings its cooling spray  
Where fiercely flamed those fires of hate ;  
And, here our poets walked, we'll say,  
And heard the fray 'twixt church and state ;  
Heard far the song of freedom swell,  
And Austria's eagles scream : " Farewell !"  
And Garibaldi at the gate.

## Lays of the Lake

Ay, here they walked, this classic ground ;  
And, hand in hand, like you and me,  
Climbed the fair hillsides olive-crowned,  
And looked along the vale to see  
The silver Arno winding through,  
And, rising white against the blue,  
The far walls of Fiesole.

They walked, and with them once again  
Walked spirits of the long ago,  
Breathed by their side, like living men,  
Held converse with them, to and fro,  
Each face, each voice, they knew them well,  
Of Dante or of Raphael,  
Of Petrarch or of Angelo.

And every canvas breathed anew,  
And perfect statue lived for them ;  
Each spire and dome their footsteps drew,—  
The great Duomo's diadem,  
The slender, lightly-springing tower  
That bears aloft its budding flower,  
Fair as a lily on its stem ;—

The quiet cloister and the church,  
The throbbing organ, and the long  
Dark chestnut shades, each leafy perch  
Trembling with cadence, soft or strong.  
Fair Florence, thine the subtle power,  
The beauty, fit for poet's dower,  
City of sunshine and of song.

## Wander Songs

Florence, that thrills through all its air  
With fine suggestion, floating free,  
Like motes in sunbeams, everywhere,  
The warp and woof of poesy  
They wove in many a golden lay,  
Of "Men and Women," "Easter Day,"  
And, over all, "Aurora Leigh."

Florence they loved, yet to the heart  
Of each, her sons were dearer far  
Than all her beauty, all her art,  
Her children, as they were and are,  
Victor and Nanni and Guido,  
And Luria and Pietro,  
Sweet Pippa and Pompilia.

Dear, desperate, daring, dark-browed throng,  
Bronze brethren of the southern skies,  
Loved more, the more they suffered wrong;  
Those liquid voices, liquid eyes,  
Those cherub children of the street,  
Wild, wayward, but with faces sweet  
As ever looked from Paradise.

I see them all;—and one sweet face,  
Frail, wan, but bright with strong desire,  
Bent o'er white fingers, as they trace,—  
Swift, lest the flickering lamp expire,—  
In Casa Guidi's silent air,  
Within the rose-twined window there,  
Their message, with a pen of fire.



## Lays of the Lake

I see a strong man lowly bent  
Above that white face, all alone.  
The thin, thin "veil" at last is "rent,"  
The cage set wide, the songster flown.  
A group of grass-grown graves I see,  
That look toward fair Fiesole,  
Where cypress shades are softly thrown.

We read the poet's name divine,  
Whose fame to such high splendor sprang,  
Where, in the Abbey's sacred shrine  
His praise the vaulted arches rang;  
And think of her, the world-renowned,  
And say of them, the doubly-crowned,  
But this :—they lived, and loved, and sang.

## BOTH WINGS, O DEATH

♦ **I**F o'er us twain thou cast one shadow only,  
Waft, with one wing, from one, the part-  
ing breath,  
And still one heart ; how lonely, ah ! how lonely  
That other heart !—Both wings, both wings,  
dear Death !



PEPITA

**W**ITH scarlet kerchief for a hood,  
Between the cornflowers and the  
vines,

Like some tall poppy bloom she stood,  
And watched the trains along the lines ;  
The trains that ran with snort and scream,  
And climbed with panting breath of steam  
Up through the rifted Apennines.

And, slowly up or swiftly down,  
Pepita thought : “ The day will come,  
When I, who never saw a town,  
Shall ride like that away to Rome ;  
For I have prayed to journey there,  
To see the holy city fair,  
The city of St. Peter’s dome.

“ And there I will kneel down and pray,  
For so one’s pleasure should begin ;  
Before one takes a holiday  
One should be shrived of every sin.  
And, surely, they who keep the gate,  
And see me, as I stand and wait,  
Will say : ‘ Pepita, enter in.’

“ And I will walk, but quietly,—  
No one shall be so still as I,—  
To where one can look up and see  
That dome that rises high,—so high !—

## Lays of the Lake

Did not Luigi tell me so ?  
Davvero ! who but he should know ?—  
That dome that rises to the sky.

“ Then forth how gaily shall I go  
To see those founts,—for I am fain,—  
Bright as the rippling Rozzolo,—  
That rise in air and fall again,  
And make the golden sunlight glow  
Upon the carven stone below,  
And rainbows,—where there is no rain.

“ And I shall see the towers tall,  
Shall see the yellow river flow,  
The great stone gateways and the wall,  
The people passing to and fro,  
And, (this I think shall like me best)  
The lovely ladies gaily drest,  
Who mince about the Pincio.

“ And, this thing I shall surely do ;  
Where there are all things to bedeck,  
I'll buy the brightest beads of blue,—  
A few soldi I should not reck,—  
For blue looks well with eyes of brown,  
And, ecco ! blue will match my gown ;  
They shall go twice about my neck.

## Wander Songs

“There will be music ringing loud,—  
For so it was Luigi said,—  
And, mingling with the merry crowd,  
Somewhere, with tawny palms outspread,  
A fortune-telling maid or man ;  
And they shall show me, if they can,  
If 'tis Luigi I'm to wed.”

So dreams Pepita, eyes awide,  
Half hidden by her kerchief's hem ;  
The white kine feeding at her side  
Have eyes with such a look in them,  
Such wistful, wondering, sweet surprise,—  
I think it came into their eyes  
That Christmas morn at Bethlehem.

Pepita, you shall have no need  
Of fortune-teller, never fear,  
For fortune comes as fate decreed,  
And while you dream a step draws near,  
A step you know and love full well,  
And love can best your fortune tell,  
Nor ask of soothsayer nor seer.

No need of journeying have you,  
Your pretty bridal to bedeck,  
For love has brought the beads of blue,  
And, ere your timid hand could check,

## Lays of the Lake

With words no other lips could speak,  
And kisses on your crimson cheek,  
Has twined them twice about your neck.

Now, let the trains run fast or slow ;  
The world that wanders up this way,  
When apple boughs are all a-blow,  
Shall see, upon a morn in May,  
A troop of merry-makers go,  
And one, white-veiled ; and they shall know  
It is Pepita's wedding-day.

But, ah ! that cot they shall not find,  
The rose of summer-time entwines,  
And sheltered from the wintry wind  
Beneath the broadly-branching pines.  
Such nests there are, such blessed nooks,  
For one who truly loves and looks,  
Among the rifted Apennines.

And, oh, they bloom, the roses red,  
Bloom all the livelong summer through ;  
They crown Pepita's pretty head,  
And glow among the beads of blue ;  
And gaily, gaily sing the birds,  
And all their songs are set to words :  
" My Love so true, I love but you."

## Wander Songs

Sing, till the rippling Rozzolo  
Sinks mutely to its winter rest.  
Then the long silence and the snow,  
And in Pepita's pretty nest,  
A tiny bird with folded wing,  
A bird that did not wait for spring,  
Lies slumbering upon her breast.

She folds it there one little hour,  
Her sweet bambino,—only one;—  
Then, faintly, like a fading flower,  
The white hands loose, and lie undone.—  
Ah! each some time his way must take,  
Though hearts may bleed, or hearts may  
break,—  
Pepita's journey has begun.

Not dust to dust, but snow to snow,  
Her white soul shrived of every sin,  
Forth shall she sweetly, safely go,  
The Holy City fair to win;  
And, surely, they who keep the gates,  
And see her, as she stands and waits,  
Will say : “ Pepita, enter in.”

*Florence.*

## Lays of the Lake

### MADONNA DEL SACCO

**T**HIS way,—turn to the left,—when you  
have seen  
Nave, transepts, chapels, aisles, and all  
that lies between,

Five centuries of fresco, storied stone,  
A treasure temple, with all richness overgrown,  
Richness the Medicis knew how to heap.  
Splendors of canvas and of carving where they  
sleep !

Mosaic miracles, most glorious sunset, these,  
—Always excepting Orvieto, please.—  
Richness of memories, tombs, whose carven faces  
Enshrine knights, nobles, senators, marcheses,  
Painters and sculptors, statesmen and their  
betters,  
Saints, Servite brothers, poets, men of letters.

But haste ! the mass ! turn down this way.  
We've strolled here since the matin ;  
And now all Florence comes to pray,  
Tricked out in silk and satin.

Out by this door, turn and look upward, so,—  
Yes, holy Fra, we see his crest, and know  
The “ great Falconieri's ” tomb lies just below.  
(Why does he linger ? would we were alone !)  
Was ever face like that portrayed on stone ?  
The Mother's face, flushed with the strife to  
make





MADONNA DEL SACCO





## Wander Songs

The Child a little quiet, for the father's sake.—  
A time-worn task.—See with what tug and stride  
He tries, the sturdy Babe, to thrust her arm aside.  
The father reads, she listens with a look  
Divided. She has laid aside her little book.  
She listens, ever watching,—Heaven knows  
By what strange ways a mother's spirit holier  
grows.—

Watching, she hears the Word; working, she  
prays;

Her life's a vigil, long and loving, nights and  
days.—

But see the picture; what consummate grace,  
What truth to life in every form and face,  
What color, too,—think when del Sarto died!  
But then, they honored him; he's buried there,  
inside.

Ah! it had been more dutiful  
His weary heart to bury,  
Anear this vigil beautiful,  
Beside Il Falconieri.

Yet 'tis not what we see, what we forget  
It is that lures us in this loveliest lunette.  
Ay, though the voices at the holy mass  
This moment to our ears through open windows  
pass;

And yonder kneel her worshippers in prayer,  
Before the altar in the Virgin's chapel there.

## Lays of the Lake

Here, in the quiet cloister, while that face  
Looks down upon us, we behold her real grace ;  
The human mother of the Son divine,  
The mother, just the mother, His, or yours, or  
mine.

*Santissima Annunciata,  
Florence.*

## IN UMBRIA

**F**ROM street to street, from town to town,  
Where I have wandered up and down,  
And turned in love to pass again  
Some Umbrian hill, some smiling plain,  
Some narrow way whose beetling roofs  
Have echoed to the beat of hoofs,  
When foes have bent the bow unseen  
In days of Guelph and Ghibelline,  
Where now the peaceful sunlight falls  
In broken shafts adown the walls ;—  
As thus, I say, my steps have strayed,  
One quest mine eyes have ever made :  
Those silent doorways, walled with stone,  
Known by the bending arch alone,  
Closed to the sunlight long ago,  
On some forgotten day of woe,  
When underneath the shadowing arch  
Wound forth the mournful funeral march ;  
And man or maiden, child or wife,  
Passed by that portal out from life.

## Wander Songs

So long, so very long ago  
They laid those stones and left them so,  
Their mute appeal might almost seem  
The dim remembrance of a dream.  
So long ago, so far away,  
And yet they stir my heart to-day,  
With thoughts of joys I once have known,  
Of faces dear forever flown,  
Of open doorways, wide and bright,  
That erst were full of love and light,  
And led through vistas fair to see,  
Where all I loved might walk with me.  
They closed, those doorways, one by one,—  
So soon the dream of life is done,—  
Till almost now I walk alone,  
A narrow pathway, walled with stone :  
A narrow way, with sudden gleams  
Of smiling plains and winding streams,  
And hills of amber light that rise  
To opened gates of Paradise.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE



NIGHTINGALE, of sweet and tender  
strain,  
Who taught thee, sweet, to sing so  
tenderly?  
Who taught thee, when the April comes again,  
To come thyself unto the wood and me?  
If love have been thy teacher, then teach me  
To love, O gentle minstrel of the wood,  
What love hath taught, oh, let me learn of thee,  
For thou hast understood, hast understood.

*From the Italian of Themistocles Gradi,  
Sienna, 19th Century.*

IL RISO

**W**HEN light the breeze of morning  
passes  
Where, murmuring along its way,  
The brooklet wanders through the grasses,  
And flowers make the meadow gay,  
Then : " The earth laughs," we say.  
When, by the shore some zephyr straying,  
Bathes its fair feet so daintily  
The dimpled waves scarce cease their playing  
To feel the touch so light and free,  
We say : " The laughing sea !"  
When dawn, with lilies and with roses  
Strews the steep pathway of the day,  
And through a veil of gold discloses  
The sapphire wheels along their way,  
" How laughs the sky ! " we say.  
'Tis true, my Love ; earth laughs with pleasure,  
The smiling skies the hours beguile ;  
'Tis true, but they can never measure,  
Nor know, by any winsome wile,  
Thy sweet and gracious smile.

*Gabriello Chiabrera,  
Savona, 1552-1638.*

## Lays of the Lake

### BEATRICE

**S**O kind, so true the glances she bestoweth,  
My lady, on the eyes so blest to meet  
her,  
Lips tremble back to silence that would greet  
her,  
And drooping eyelids guard her where she goeth.  
Passing, she hears her praise, yet round her  
floweth,  
Like to a vesture, humbleness the sweeter,  
Ever with pure benignity repleter,  
An earthly miracle that Heaven showeth.  
Showeth she sweetness, he who would admire,  
Feels his own soul, while he beholds, inherit ;  
Sweetness no soul can know save by the  
proving.  
So seems there, from her sweet soul ever  
moving,  
And from her lips, a pure and loving spirit,  
Which to his spirit seems to say : Aspire.

*Dante,  
Florence, 1265-1321.*

ELEVAZIONE AL CIELO



Y wingèd thought uplifted me to meet  
her.

Whom here I vainly seek, I found  
above ;

In yon third Heaven among the souls that  
love

I saw her, yet more beautiful and sweeter.

She held my hand : " Amid this radiance splendid

Thou too shalt walk with me ; with me who  
brought

Thy soul such conflict sore ; and then out-  
wrought

My little day, before the night descended.

No mortal man may know my joy unceasing.

For thee alone I wait, till earth surrender

The veil I wore, that back to it was given."

Why did she cease, her gentle clasp releasing?

Ah ! for the sound of words so pure and tender,

A little more, I had remained in Heaven.

*Francesco Petrarca,  
Arezzo, 1304.*



IL GESÙ

THEY tell you a deal of tradition  
In those Roman churches, forsooth ;  
And one will hold more superstition  
Than ten could contain, were it truth.

Yet sometimes, to eyes that are able  
To locate a lone point of light,  
A ray pierces through the dim fable,  
As one star shines out on the night.

The church, Il Gesù, is accounted  
Among the rare churches of Rome,  
Though not for vast spaces, surmounted  
By nameless dimensions of dome ;

But rather for rich decoration,  
For marvelous marbles that seem,  
In opulent ornamentation,  
A sort of King Solomon's dream.

The eye with rare treasure is ravished,  
In clusterings brilliant, unique,  
With rich lapis lazuli lavished  
In masses, with pure verde antique.

## Wander Songs

With painters and sculptors immortal,  
You walk till the circuit is done ;  
And forth from the shadowy portal  
You pass to the breeze and the sun :

For here, saith the legend, the breezes  
Do blow, and shall blow evermore ;  
And, pausing, he hears, whoso pleases,  
This tale of traditional lore.

The wind, moving everywhither,  
Paused here on a day, and behind,  
The spirit of evil came hither,  
Close pressing the steps of the wind.

Close pressing, and passing before it,—  
The door of the temple stood wide.  
A shadow swept silently o'er it,  
Swept swiftly, and rested inside.

So entered, alas ! one that never  
Forthcoming, hath shadowed that door ;  
And, patient abiding forever,  
The wind waiteth there evermore.

A bit of tradition, a fiction,—  
And yet that soft wind far away  
I feel, like a sweet benediction,  
Still breathing upon me to-day ;

## Lays of the Lake

And out of the silence the Spirit  
That patiently waits evermore  
To enter each heart that will hear it,  
Says softly : " I stand at the door.

" Cast out from thy soul's inmost center  
Whatever of evil may be ;  
Behold, I am waiting to enter,  
To enter and tarry with thee."

*Rome.*

BAVENO



H, all the world is made of gems  
On such a day, I ween ;  
The mountain tops are diadems,  
And fold on fold between  
Lie purple robes with ermine hems,  
All shot with silver sheen.

And slopes of green grow dark or bright,  
By cloud or sun o'erlaid,  
With sudden gleams of golden light  
Or veins of velvet shade,  
Great mountain sides of malachite,  
Of jasper or of jade.

The limpid lake lies broad before,  
In ever changeful hue,  
One orient gem from shore to shore,  
An emerald dropped in dew ;  
But the sky, the sky is Heaven's floor,  
Of clearest crystal blue,  
With snow-white robes soft trailing o'er,  
And the glory shining through.

A SONG OF GREECE

THE hyacinths are at the door,  
True friends that ne'er forget us,  
Lest we forget that Spring once more  
Along Piræus' purple shore,  
Looks down from Lycabettus,  
And honeyed winds are wafting o'er  
The heather of Hymettus.

O lovely land, whose ruins stand  
Like time's untiring warders,  
On days like these, with every breeze  
Across our springtime borders,  
Our hearts fly eastward over seas,  
To templed heights and isles of ease,  
To revel there like laden bees,  
'Mid beautiful disorders.

To dream a day by Daphne's bay,  
On Delphi's terraced mountain,  
Where kings their treasure trophies brought,  
And massive walls of marble wrought  
To keep the costly count in ;  
And pilgrims of Apollo sought  
The cool Castalian fountain.

## Wander Songs

What shining showers drop down the hours  
From skies of cloudless splendor ;  
On Argos' plain that radiant rain  
Of golden light on golden grain  
Falls tremulous and tender,  
Or through a maze of mellow haze  
Dart down those piercing, pointed rays,  
Like Argive arrows slender.

But fairer far, a thing alone,  
More lovely than Athena's throne  
By yonder mount of burning,  
Olympia lies in springtime guise,  
Flower-starred beneath the bending skies,  
Their look of love returning ;  
And Hermes standing pure, apart,  
Still answers, as to childhood's heart,  
The world's most human yearning.

*Olympia.*

BESIDE THE BOSPHORUS

THE Bosphorus before us flows,  
Down to the setting sun ;  
With glint of molten gold it glows,  
With sapphire waves, that change to rose  
Of rubies, as they run.

Past stately palaces they pour,  
Those brilliant, burning gems,  
As though the Sultan's treasure store  
Were slipping seaward from the shore,  
In shattered diadems.

The round towers rise toward turquoise skies,  
And where the red sun sets,  
Stand clustered fair before our eyes,  
Like pinnacles of Paradise,  
The slender minarets.

As stems of lilies, straight and tall,  
Their turret buds they bear,  
While faintly down the silence fall  
Those silver notes, the muezzin's call :—  
“ Ye faithful, come to prayer.”



## Wander Songs

Athwart the fading distances  
Strikes low the level light,  
Where tombs, o'ertopped by flower or fez,  
Beneath the sombre cypresses,  
Give back a last good-night.

It is a dream, a phantom stream,  
A fair mirage that floats  
'Twixt things that are and things that seem,  
Caught in the water's circling gleam,  
And chained by shore-bound boats.

And wouldst thou see this wonder work?  
Forget the Moslem rule,  
Forget the terror of the Turk,  
And all the deeper shades that lurk  
Round beautiful Stamboul.

Call not the Conqueror to mind,  
Nor Roumeli Hissar,  
See not Oblivion's Tower, nor find  
The scimitar that hides behind  
The Crescent and the Star.

Where yonder domes rise three times three,  
Above the Holy Place,  
Upheld by columns rare to see,  
Of verde antique and porphyry,  
And crowned by carven lace,

## Lays of the Lake

Hear not the haunting midnight cry  
Across the twilight fall,  
Nor see, against the deep'ning sky,  
The cruel hand of crimson dye,  
That smote the marble wall.

See but the magic ; 'tis for such  
As thou, if thou canst yet,  
While seeing, see not over-much,—  
Canst know, with not too near a touch,  
And canst forget,—forget !


*Constantinople, 1907.*

DORCAS

**H**ER hands were folded on her breast ;  
Laid by the loving task.  
It was the Master bade her rest,  
For rest she did not ask.  
And when the voice from Heaven sent  
Said : “ Tabitha, arise ! ”  
Sweetly she rose, with calm content  
In those half-rested eyes ;  
Then took the garments up once more,  
The task but just laid by,  
To live and labor as before,  
And then, once more, to die.

*Joppa.*

SEALED

 UR sweetest thoughts are never  
spoken ;  
The wine is rare ;  
'Tis meet, our care  
The seal should not be broken.

## Lays of the Lake

### FLOWERS OF ESDRAELON



H, lovely plain of Esdraelon,  
Soft with the latter showers,  
Toward Easter skies uplifting eyes  
Of resurrection flowers :

Where gold of daisies and of dill  
All Ophir might outshine,  
And blood drops of Adonis fill  
The cups with rosy wine.

Oh, there was flax like floating clouds  
When dawn is but begun,  
And hyssop in soft snowy shrouds  
That whitened in the sun.

And azure eyes just peeping out,  
By grasses half concealed,  
And royal robes that wrapped about  
The lilies of the field.

Troop after troop they thronged the plain,  
As here might once have come  
Some tempting eastern treasure train,  
That crossed to Greece or Rome,—

Gold as the banners that have gleamed  
Oft in yon morning sun ;  
Red as the rivers that have streamed  
Before the day was done.

## Wander Songs

And birds sang blithe, with whirl and  
whirr,

Where once was heard to sing  
The Prophetess, in praise of her  
Who dared to kill a king.

Oh, there were other sights to see,  
And other sounds to hear,  
And messages from memory  
That whispered tales of fear.

The bare-pruned vines, close to the clod,  
Seemed, where they lay around,  
To writhe, as Moses' magic rod,  
Like serpents on the ground.

And pale old olives, wrestling sore,  
Leaned low, on bended knee,  
As though they heard, forevermore,  
The prayer of agony.

And every furrow was a scar  
Upon the fair fields, where  
The cruel husbandry of war  
Had run its rugged share.

So much of ages dead and gone,  
And yet, for hours and hours,  
We rode the plain of Esdraelon,  
And only saw the flowers.

## Lays of the Lake

### THE BLUE GROTTO IN MINIATURE

■ SAW a piece of azurite,  
Brought by some master-hand to light  
From the deep caverns of the night ;

A thing of beauty fair to see,  
That held the gaze, and seemed to be  
A miracle of mimicry ;

A rocky cavern, deep and wide,  
Covered and clothed on every side  
With varied lichens, richly dyed ;

A Grotto on a fairy shore  
With waves of azure for a floor  
And opal islands sprinkled o'er ;

With cool recesses dark and deep,  
And crevices where sunbeams creep  
And on the waters lie asleep.

I gaze, and the cool airs that blow  
Across the Cheyenne peaks of snow  
To soft Italian zephyrs grow ;

And once again I seem to be  
Afloat upon a sapphire sea,  
And Capri's crown gleams over me.

*Manitou, Colorado.*

MINOT LIGHT



UT, far out in the sullen surge,  
Out from the white sand's utmost verge,  
Worn by the waves and lashed by the  
foam,

Never a heart to call it home,  
Shunned by the ships that proudly passed,  
Left by the land, a lone outcast ;  
Only a rock, a barren rock,  
Bearing the buffet and tempest shock,  
Looking forever away, away,  
Over the waste of waters gray,  
Over the shores of silver sheen,  
That gathered their beautiful skirts of green,  
And swept far in with a high disdain  
Of the hermit rock on the lonely main,—  
Fixed forever, and desolate,  
Standing alone, to wait, and wait ;  
Yet holding fast to the world's great heart,  
And waiting the hour to do its part.

And, lo ! it came, the final hour ;  
The rock was crowned with a noble tower,  
And far aloft flashed a radiant gem,  
The glory and grace of its diadem ;  
Flashed through the blackness of storm and  
night,  
A star in heaven, a guiding light ;



## Lays of the Lake

And the proud ships hailed as they passed by,  
And the green shores greeted, reverently.  
Still stood the rock, as it stood to wait  
The coming of that hour ultimate ;  
Steady and strong it did its part,  
And kept its hold on the world's great heart.

*Boston.*

## WHERE TO GO

IF you would take a trip abroad,  
For one thing pray provide ;  
Make all your little purchases  
While you are on Cheapside.  
To Paris go for parasols ;  
When " broke," or stocks run low,  
Why, simply go to Dublin,  
As good stock brokers go.  
If you would flee from lunacy  
Go straightway to the Seine,  
But if you'd flee where are no fleas,  
By Arno don't remain.  
If you've a leaning for old towers,  
Then Pisa is your city ;  
But if you're needing sympathy  
Pray linger near the Pitti.

## Wander Songs

Don't go to Berne to try your hand  
At "bakin' " or at "brewin',"  
And, of all places in the land,  
Oh, never go to Rouen.  
If you're abroad Thanksgiving Day,  
To Turkey take your flight,  
But first run up to Hungary  
To get an appetite.  
When you grow tired of wandering,  
And long once more for home ;  
It would not be the proper thing,  
Of course, to go to Rome ;  
But if, for sights both strange and new,  
Your soul should sighing be ;  
There's just one little thing to do ;—  
You simply go to sea.

## Spring Songs

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### A RHYME FOR APPLE-BLOSSOM TIME

**A** DAY like this, among the trees,  
All rosy snow and humming bees,  
A day in May, like this, I say,  
Is worth a "cycle of Cathay."  
A "Bough," whose apple-blossoms fall,  
And "Thou," whose "Verses" come at call,  
"Enow," without a "Jug" at all.

Red tulips, where the light winds pass,  
Rise slenderly from out the grass,  
Like goblets of Bohemian glass,—  
Stems, swaying stately, straight and slim,—  
Cups, full of sunshine to the brim,  
Tilting, and touching rim to rim;  
And cherry branches, overhead,  
With every breeze their sweetness shed,  
And snowy covers lightly spread.  
And all afar, and all anear,  
Lies bathed in sunlight, crystal clear.

There may be blossoms in Japan,  
And golden light in Turkistan;  
French poppies red and cornflowers blue,  
And Holland have her tulips, too;

## Spring Songs

And English lanes, on either side  
As whitely sweet as any bride.  
But there is nothing, let me say,  
Wherever you or I may stray,  
That's better than the U. S. A.  
In apple-blossom time, in May.

### THE FLOWERS' REVEILLÉ

**W**HEN little winds begin to sigh,  
At dawn o' day in Spring,  
When in the leaves you hear on high  
The rustling of a wing,  
And odors faint come floating by  
That set you wondering,  
And rosy streaks shoot up the sky,  
And birds begin to sing ;  
Then listen, bend and listen nigh,  
The flowers are wakening.

“ Wake up ! wake up ! ” they're calling low,  
With voices fine and sweet,  
So fine, some ears would never know  
These children at our feet,  
These little friends, could prattle so,  
Like gossips in the street ;  
And give their greetings to and fro,  
When in the morn they meet ;  
And call their children up, to show  
Their frocks, all fresh and sweet.

## Lays of the Lake

“Wake up,” cries lady violet,  
“My little piccanins.  
Wake, while the grass is cool and wet,  
Before the sun begins  
To dry the dew, and heat us through,  
And scorch our very skins ;  
Or there will be no drink for you,  
No foot-bath for the twins.

“Let every little darling mine  
Tell mother how she fares.  
Lift up your heads from off your beds  
And breathe the early airs ;  
When each her scalloped silken gown  
And best blue bonnet wears,  
Then bend your faces sweetly down ;  
And say your morning prayers.”

The lilies of the valley wake  
With so much work to do.  
“We’ve all our baby’s caps to make,  
And quill the borders true,  
And gore their gowns of green, and take  
Each one to bathe in dew ;  
And on their pretty faces shake  
Sweet baby-powder, too.”

## Spring Songs

The little Quaker ladies know  
The hour, as by a glass ;  
In sweet and modest groups they go,  
All trooping through the grass.  
They hear the chime of Easter time  
And to the church they pass ;  
Yet who can know 'tis but to show  
Their new spring hats ? alas !

Oh, there are wondrous things, my dear,  
The early mornings bring ;  
Then bend, and look and listen near,  
'Tis meant, each wondrous thing,  
For eyes that see and ears that hear,  
At dawn o' day in Spring.

## THE SUNNY SIDE

**M**Y neighbor dwells on the sunny side,  
While I bide in the shade.  
By the trellised spaces that divide,  
My pleasant vines are stayed.  
But they all grow sunward, every shoot,  
And the while I delve and dress the root,  
My neighbor gathers all the fruit.

## Summer Day Songs

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### THE WATER-SPRITE

**C**OME, sit with me beside the shore,  
The twilight hour has brought the  
breeze ;  
Yon bird has called you o'er and o'er,  
" Come, Phœbe, Phœbe." Hear, once more  
He calls you from the cedar trees.

The new moon drops a slender lance  
Into the deep. On such a night,  
When broken star-rays gleam and glance,  
And weave a winding fairy dance,  
The water-spirit comes in sight.

The wavelets ripple to the beach  
With curl and curve and silv'ry swirls ;  
See, where the filmy foam-flakes reach  
The outmost verge, there falls from each  
A slender string of shining pearls.

How light they lie along the strand,  
Each one a necklace, purely white ;—  
Ah ! but the breeze too rudely fanned ;—  
You think it was a viewless hand  
That caught them back again from sight ?



## Summer Day Songs

The water-fairy's hand, may be.

Bend here above this quiet bight,  
And tell me, dearest, what you see.  
That face that looks up radiantly,  
Say, is it not the water-sprite?

The forehead fair with circling curls,  
The liquid eyes of laughing light,  
The smile, too sweet for mortal girl's,  
And, ay, the very shining pearls,  
It is, forsooth, the water-sprite.

“WHITHER, LOVE, WANDER?”

**A**ND whither, Love, wander,  
Away and away?  
And wherefore, Love, ponder?  
Where'er we may stray,  
Or hither or yonder  
'Tis only to say:  
“I love thee, I love thee,  
For aye and a day.”

The wood-thrush calls clearly,  
“Come, follow this way,”  
He woos thee more nearly,  
He lures thee to stay,  
He loves thee, but dearly,  
More dearly, I say,  
“I love thee, I love thee,  
For aye and a day.”

Where sweet meadow grasses  
With blossoms are gay,  
Where rocky crevasses  
Are gloomy and gray,  
The wind as he passes  
Moves softly, to say:  
“I love thee, I love thee,  
For aye and a day.”



“WHERE ROCKY CREVASSES ARE GLOOMY AND GRAY”



## Summer Day Songs

Blow, wind, while all brightly  
Shines out the glad day,  
But where she walks nightly,  
My lady obey ;  
Her hand beckons whitely,  
Droop low and delay ;  
I listen, blow lightly,  
I hear my Love say :  
“ I love thee, I love thee,  
For aye and a day.”

DREAMS

**W**HAT art thou dreaming, little maid,  
This dreamy day of hush and  
heat?

Straying where'er the breeze has strayed,  
Sheltered beneath the aspen shade,  
The waters rippling at thy feet.

Dreaming, mayhap, on that far shore  
Where young Proserpina at play,  
Danced with the waves the white sands o'er,  
Till love came flying fast, and bore  
The mirthful maiden far away.

How Aphrodite on a day,  
From circling sea-foam rising fair,  
While love came drifting down that way,  
Shook, with white hands, the silver spray  
From glowing wreaths of golden hair.

Oh, dream not distant dreams, sweet maid,  
Dream as a mortal maiden can,  
Who, in the drooping aspen shade,  
Awakes to tell, all unafraid,  
The love she bears to mortal man.

## Summer Day Songs

### BY AND BY



H, treasures of coral and priceless pearl  
Lie deep in the ocean caves,  
But dearer by far is the peerless girl  
Who sailed o'er the summer waves.  
She sailed away o'er the shining sea,  
But her last fond look came back to me.

Away, away, down the beautiful Bay,  
And across the waters wide,  
But wherever she goes, my Darling knows  
I am ever at her side ;  
And whatever fair her eyes may see,  
She would turn from all to look on me.

So, with straining eye, and " Good-bye, good-  
bye,"  
I gaze o'er the white ship's track ;  
While a faint, far echo of " bye " and " bye "  
The breezes bring me back.  
Blow, breezes, blow ! fly, white wings, fly !  
Bring my beautiful Bride to me, by and by.



## Lays of the Lake

### AT THE CROSSING

**A** WAY to the church to be married,  
A phantom of white she whirled by.  
A crossing—one moment they tarried,  
I saw the sweet smile of her eye,  
I caught, from the roses she carried,  
A breath floating outward to die.  
A moment's delay at her marriage,  
Lest I should be crushed by her carriage;  
Did she know, did she dream it was I?

Did those smiling eyes see the laggard,  
The being so abject and low,  
The creature who clumsily staggered,  
With footsteps uncertain and slow,  
With visage so hollow and haggard,  
'Twere wonder if any should know;  
Did those smiling eyes see, and seeing,  
Recoil from so wretched a being,  
Looking backward to one year ago?

Oh, innocent, pretty flirtation,  
Oh, eyes that knew sweetly to smile!  
And then? but a quick separation,  
Some new human hearts to beguile,  
To drive down to dark desperation,  
With winsome and innocent wile.  
Twice, crossing my pathway, this woman  
Hath proved her both heartless and human,  
First crushing, then sparing a while.

FAR AWAY

**H**ER Love, her Love is far away,  
Her heart is lone and drear.  
From curtained casement, day by day,  
She looks along the throngèd way ·  
By which his steps drew near.

He is not there, the crowd sweeps by,  
A tiresome, motley maze ;  
Yet, day by day, the maiden's eye  
One form in uniform doth spy,  
And mark, with lingering gaze.

Frail, foolish heart ! still will it beat,  
As yon brass-buttoned gray  
Comes marching blithely up the street ;  
For why ? He brings a letter sweet  
From one so far away.

## Woodland Rhymes

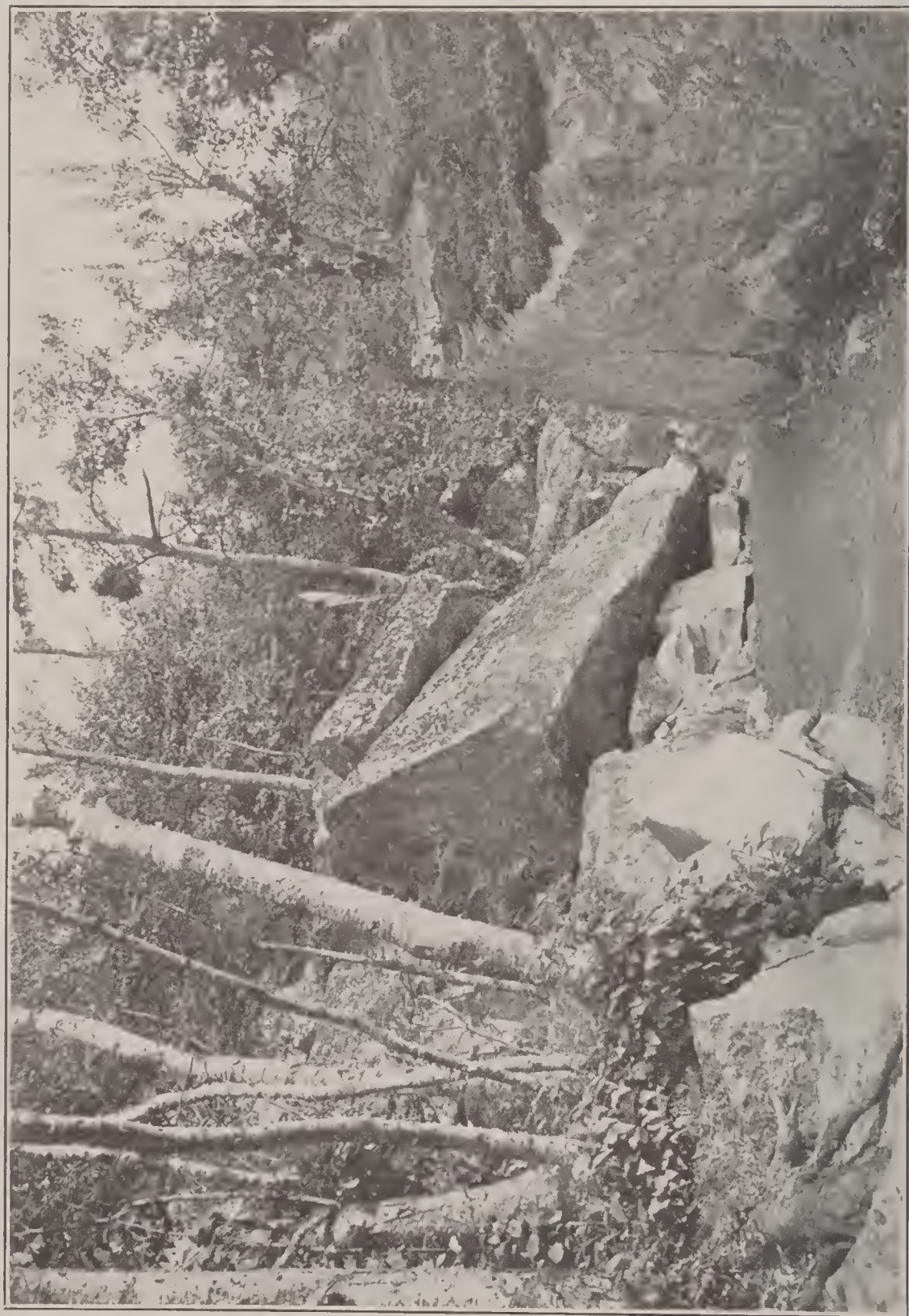
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### A SURPRISE

**T**HE lake lay low, and at its edge,  
A swarm of sunlit golden wings,  
That glanced and danced in fairy rings,  
And flashed in ceaseless flutterings,  
Poised lightly on the pointed sedge.

Near, and more near, and still they stay.  
Were ever butterflies so bold?  
Nearer and nearer, and behold!  
A swarm of orchids, green and gold,  
With wings that cannot fly away.





"THE WOODLAND WAYS"



AUTUMN

THESE the woodland ways we wandered,  
Summer's royal ways ;  
Wantonly their beauty squandered,  
Prodigals, that little pondered  
Autumn's dreary days.

Trees above us, swaying pliant,  
Realms the sunbeams ranged,  
Now, alas ! grown self-reliant,  
Standing silent, grim, defiant,  
Seem like friends estranged.

Lately, every touch obeying,  
Winds that moved along,  
Lightly through the branches straying,  
Set them trembling, dancing, swaying,  
Full of life and song.

Pipes of drowsy insects tuning,  
Lulled the songsters sweet,  
When aloft the breeze lay swooning  
Through the silent summer nooning,  
In the hush and heat.

## Lays of the Lake

Kindly refuge from the weather  
Each broad, leafy dome;  
Tiny wings of gauze or feather,  
Safely folded, found together  
Shelter, house, and home.

Now, inhospitable, dreary,  
Barren boughs they raise,  
Mute the music once so cheery,  
Wan they seem, and worn, and weary,  
Wrecks of better days ;—

Blackened boughs, that still remember  
How the frost-lit fires  
Burned and blazed through bright Sep-  
tember ;—  
Now the last, late, leafy ember  
Flickers and expires ;

And each tree-top, sadly sighing,  
With a sobbing sound,  
Grieves for leaves below it lying,  
Fallen, faded, slowly dying,  
On the sodden ground.



## Woodland Rhymes

Yet, but hark ! the song of sorrow  
For the dying year,  
Seems some blither strain to borrow,  
Some sweet promise of to-morrow  
Sounds a note of cheer.

Squirrels down the windrows scurry,  
With a sudden haste,  
Set the fallen leaves a-flurry,  
Lest the last nuts, in their hurry,  
Should be left to waste.

Winter wren and white-throat sparrow  
Hover near the nest  
In the crevice, warm and narrow,  
Where the sunbeam's slender arrow  
Gilds each downy breast.

What though winds that whistle shrilly,  
Mock the silent dells,  
Mock the meadow, drear and chilly,  
Where, of late, the lightsome lily  
Swung her golden bells ;

## Lays of the Lake

Where the bloodroot flung its billow,  
Foam-like, o'er the sod,  
And each bright head found a pillow,  
From the days of pussy-willow  
To the goldenrod ;—

Though the flowers are dead,—yet tarry ;  
Down the woodland ways  
Ghosts are flying, light and airy,  
Messages of hope to carry  
To the coming days.

For the winds that shrilly whistle,  
Summer's seedlets fling,  
Silky sail, or barb, or bristle,  
Tick-trefoil, or toilsome thistle,  
Sowing for the Spring.

And at Michaelmas the daisies,  
Purpling slopes and dells,  
Lifted happy, hopeful faces,  
Where, white-robed, in sunlit spaces,  
Smiled the immortelles.

THE AGE OF GOLD

**L**O! 'tis once again returning,  
Radiant, as of old.  
Oaks with burnished gold are burning,  
All the elms are gold;  
And the molten sunlight, flowing  
Down the ambient air,  
Leans from Heaven to earth, a glowing,  
Glorious golden stair.

Goldenrod her scepter raises,  
Gracious, as we pass;  
Golden-hearted royal daisies  
Bloom for Michaelmas;  
Golden evening primrose lingers  
Where the dawn will see,  
Wrought in frost by fairy fingers,  
Silver flagree.

Here the honeysuckle, straying,  
With its wilful ways,  
With the wanton breeze is playing,  
All its laughing sprays  
Down the leafy lattice lying,  
Tossing flowered tips,  
Odours sweet and satisfying  
Breathe from golden lips.

## Lays of the Lake

Golden apples drop beside us,  
Mellowed overmuch ;  
Not the metal hard of Midas  
Of the fatal touch,  
Not of gold to hurt and harden  
Human hearts, are these,  
Though they might outshine the garden  
Of Hesperides.

Far afield, tall tents are showing  
Long and rustling lines ;  
Golden spheres among them glowing  
From their faded vines ;  
Rifled tents, in order serried,  
Where the careless thief  
Leaves the golden wedge unburied  
By the empty sheaf.

Bright, beyond the furrowed reaches,  
All the woodside glows,  
Save where solemn, somber beeches  
Darkly interpose ;  
Grim reminders that the golden  
Glory soon shall cease,  
Vanish with the ages olden,  
And the Golden Fleece.

TOIL AND TRUST

**W**ITH tireless toil the tiny bee doth  
strive

Within the narrow circle of her hive.  
The spoiler cometh when her work is o'er ;  
One ruthless touch, and she hath lost her store.  
She knoweth not the praise her labor brings,  
Nor recks that honey may be food for kings.

The patient silkworm spins, and spins away,  
And hopes to wear her shining wings one day.  
'Tis but her winding-sheet, her little shroud,  
Its glossy sheen may make a princess proud,  
She knoweth not ; she only knew she wrought.  
For her the life-long labor came to naught.

Toil on, sweet soul ; the higher hope hold fast ;  
Trust on, there shall be sweet reward at last.  
Toil on, thy task is for the King of kings ;  
Trust on, for thou, one day, shalt wear thy  
wings.

The web thou weavest in the dark, alone,  
Shall shine, like glittering gems, before His  
throne.

THE UNWRITTEN GOSPEL

**H**AVE you read it? 'Tis worth while to  
ponder upon,  
That unwritten Gospel ;—from Matthew  
to John

You never may find it; you bow o'er the  
pages,  
And, bowing, behold there the three years sub-  
lime,  
That tower o'er the levels, the summit of time,—  
The cross on that summit the crown of the  
ages.

But silent, yet sounding to him who hath ears,  
There rings out the gospel of thirty long years,  
Rings bravely and boldly, with loud and clear  
clamor,  
Th' evangel of labor our Master hath taught,  
The brain with its thought, and the strong hands  
that wrought  
With chisel and plane and the artisan's  
hammer.

A lifetime of toil, unrepaid, save the bread  
To meet the day's need, and a working man's  
bed;  
The sharp competition, the fraudulent neigh-  
bor,

## The Unwritten Gospel

The shuffling, unscrupulous methods of men,  
We know them, my brother, our Lord knew  
    them then,  
    That rob honest men of the fruits of their  
    labor.

But labor? God willed it, not chance; and His  
    plan  
Who hath "worked hitherto," lifts the labor of  
    man

Up from the low levels, up to its true station  
Of honor immortal,—links matter with mind,  
Says: "Thou who, of dust, art made king of thy  
    kind,

Rise, share with thy Maker the joy of creation.

"The field and the forest, the wealth of the hill,  
My lightnings above thee, I yield to thy will.

Take freely, give freely; join hands with thy  
    brother

For greater endeavor; and set on the whole  
My own signet-royal, the stamp of thy soul,

For Me, and for thee, and each man for the  
    other."

So runs it, the gospel unwritten, yet clear  
To eyes that can see, and to ears that can hear;

The gospel of labor, brave, patient, unshirking,  
The happy, the hopeful, the Heaven-sent creed,  
That bids a "Godspeed" to the toiler of need,

The brain that is busy, the hands that are  
    working.



THE LIFE-LINE

THE fishing-boats, at break of day,  
Like white gulls skimmed across the  
bay ;

And with the setting of the sun  
They dropped to landward one by one.

Then night and storm, on sea and town,  
An ill-matched pair, at once came down,

And winds arose, with sounds of fear  
It made the heart stand still to hear.

With howlings as from hollow caves  
Came the hoarse answer of the waves.

Like foaming messengers of haste  
They sped across the stormy waste ;

And panting on the sands they fell,  
Pale with the thing they had to tell.

And was the message false or true ?  
Ah ! well the simple sea-folk knew !

Quick ! to the pierhead with a light,  
A ringing shout, to left, to right.

Above the winds they hear a cry,  
A far, faint answering " Ay, ay ! "

## The Life-Line

There, where the billows boil and surge,  
Lashing with cruel stinging scourge,

'Mid gathering gloom and awful strife,  
The boat, belated, fights for life.

Now watch from shore with straining eyes,  
Now see her sink, now see her rise ;

Now backward reel into the night,  
Now stagger forth again to sight.

Haste ! sure of hand and keen of eye,  
Haste ! let the coiled life-line fly !

Outward it trembles on the air,  
A mute appeal, a hope, a prayer ;

And ere it sinks comes, quick and clear,  
The answering shout of hope and cheer.

Oh, precious is that slender hold,  
As it had all been strands of gold !

It bridges o'er the stormy strife,  
A blessed bridge from death to life.

And blessings on his hand that cast,  
On his that caught and holds it fast !

And blessed be the Hand divine  
That guided, straight and sure, the line !

CONTENT

**B**ESIDE a bank, upon a morn in May,  
A fallen tree I found ;  
Its gnarled and withered boughs with age  
were gray,  
Uptorn and prostrate, as it fell it lay,  
One root alone still holding to the ground :

And one lone bough, that bended like a bower,  
With leaf and blossom gay,  
From fair, soft clouds of rosy-tinted flower  
Sent down, with every breeze, a sudden shower  
Of fragrant beauty, on that morn in May :

And there, in silence peaceful and profound,  
I could but pause to pray  
That though, through stress of storms that  
beat around,  
I, like the fallen tree one day be found ;  
Content might strike its deep root in the  
ground,  
And life be lovely still with flowers of May.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

**S**O once again, old sun-dial, we are met,  
Like friends for long estranged ;  
You, still the same, in your sweet garden  
set,  
'Mid bloom of myrtle, rose and mignonette ;  
'Tis I alone am changed.

You were so old when I was young. Your face  
Grown gray with all its years,  
Its centuries of change, looked from its place,  
A silent pathos, that retained the trace  
Of sunshine and of tears.

Or so I dreamed, as, musing absently,  
Of all my happy past ;  
I wondered what the days would seem to me,  
If all my hours, like yours, were doomed to be  
Marked by a shadow cast.

The shadows fell, old friend, as shadows will,  
If it were but to prove,  
The sun is shining far above us still,  
Those spaces limitless to flood and fill  
With radiance of love.

*Lugano.*

THE BAR SINISTER

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

♦ **I**N the galaxy of Heaven a new star,  
On the roll-call of the martyrs a new  
name,  
On the Nation's broad escutcheon a new bar  
Cleaves the azure,—a bar sinister of shame.

Shield, emblazoned with the sunshine of the free,  
Broad, to shelter every son of toil and need,  
There have crouched behind thine honest heraldry  
Aliens, bastards of a foul and faithless breed.

Where the children gather free and unafraid,  
There the traitor, mad with malice, darkly  
cowers ;  
There the craven whispers through his am-  
buscade :

“ Let us slay, and the inheritance is ours.”

Let thy bosses hurl them backward whence they  
came ;

With the strong right arm that broke our cap-  
tive's chains,  
Guard us, shield of freedom, dark to-day with  
shame,  
Till a Nation's tears have washed away thy  
stains.

*Buffalo, September 6, 1901.*

“ TAPS ”

**R**EST beneath thy banner, rest,  
Soldier of the free ;  
Stripes and stars upon thy breast,  
Both belong to thee.

Thine the stripes of mortal pain,  
Borne as soldiers bear,  
Called in camp, on battle plain,  
Called to do and dare.

Stars are thine ; promotion high,  
Warrior, thou hast won,  
Stars above the star-lit sky,  
And the word : “ Well done.”

What though ruined lies thy tent  
On the camping ground,  
Angel sentries earthward sent,  
Guard their ceaseless round.

Rest beneath thy banner, rest ;  
Short shall be thy sleep ;  
Stars and stripes above thy breast,  
Angel guards to keep.

Soon shall come the call : “ Arise ! ”  
Soldier of the free ;  
Shouts of victory, through the skies  
Sound thy reveillé.

Lays of the Lake

IN MEMORY OF MY PERSIAN PUSS

**A** DIEU, dear little friend, adieu,  
I hardly thought, ere you departed,  
To lose a little pet like you,  
Would leave me half so broken-hearted.

But now, with many a blinding tear,  
Recurr the sudden recollection  
That you are gone forever, dear,  
With all your gentle, fond affection.

I turn the page, and downward strays  
My open palm, until it misses  
Your silken softness from its place,  
Your kind caress, your ready kisses.

The curtain rustles, and I speak  
Unconscious, the old word of chiding :  
“ No, Puss, no time for hide-and-seek.”  
Ah ! 'tis not there my Puss is hiding.

To play that gay old game once more,  
To-day the gravest task had waited ;  
To see you scamper down the floor,  
And turn, and crouch, with eyes dilated ;

Then, with a clear bound, poise yourself  
Upon my shoulder, softly purring,  
Or, lightly leaping to the shelf,  
Its mazes tread with step unerring.



My Persian Puss

No brittle bit of bric-à-brac,  
    (Here be the well-earned plaudit spoken,)  
Nor slender vase, that fluffy paw  
    Has ever overturned or broken.

Poor praise were this, sweet friend of mine,  
    Who sometimes shamed my higher nature ;  
Am I alone the spark divine ?  
    Were you but clay, an earth-bound creature ?

Ah ! whither went that light of mind,  
    That made those eyes a full-orbed splendor ?  
That love for one of human kind,  
    Gentle, forgiving, true and tender.

If naught be lost in all the vast,  
    If nature's " change " be but " gradation,"  
Has that bright spark of spirit passed  
    To darkness and annihilation ?

Bright leaves fall from the autumn trees,  
    And, dying downward, pass to nourish  
New leaves, that in the soft spring breeze  
    And summer sunshine yet shall flourish.

And so I say : " Adieu, adieu,  
    Loved little friend, in silence sleeping ;  
Spirit and flesh, both I and you,  
    Both rest in one kind Father's keeping."

A SYMPHONY

BY AUGUSTA EVELYN SMULLER



MODERATO :—little one,  
Life for thee has just begun.  
Progress—knowing how to creep;  
Duty—how to eat and sleep.  
Cooing in soft undertone  
Echoes of some song unknown.

Presto :—change ! a jaunty boy  
Marching by ; eyes full of joy,  
Tumbled curls beneath his cap,  
School-books swinging in a strap ;  
Whistling shrill a merry tune,  
Blithe as any bird in June.

Then Allegro :—quickly ran  
Measured seasons, till the man  
Meets the swiftly circling years,  
Dares their toils and braves their fears ;  
'Mid earth's discords dauntlessly  
Moves to Heaven's high harmony.

Largo :—slowly once again,  
Time tells on the busy brain.  
Locks of silver lightly rest  
Where life's thorn-crown lately pressed ;  
And a weary watcher waits,  
Gazing towards the sunset gates.

Now Finale:—glories rare,  
Sounds ecstatic fill the air.  
Just beyond the sunset bars  
Angels wait with crown of stars,  
Take up earth's expiring strain  
In a gladsome, sweet refrain;  
Strains for earth too glad and sweet  
Make life's symphony complete.

SATISFIED

**A** TINY struggling streamlet said  
To the deep-welling fountain-head:  
“Give, give me more of thee.”  
“Flow on, flow on,” the fount replied,  
“Thy longing shall be satisfied  
When thou hast reached the sea.”

THE SONGS OF HOME

THE world is full of wondrous song.  
We pause to hearken, and we hear  
Forever sounding, far or near,  
Those sweet vibrations, faint or strong.  
Yet sweeter sound, and far more dear  
Than to the outward sense can come,  
Is memory's music, soft and clear,  
That rings upon the inward ear,  
The loved, old songs of home.

We catch the music of the May,  
The tender voice of bird or breeze,  
That trembles tuneful through the trees,  
And rising, falling, far away,  
The mingled murmur of the seas.  
Yet sweeter, dearer far than these,  
Though sirens sang across the foam,  
Are echoed through life's silences,  
The loved, old songs of home.

The old, old tunes, the sweet old words  
That lips grown silent loved to sing,  
How close around the heart they cling,  
Smiting its truest, tenderest chords.  
Let all the world with music ring,  
Where'er we rest, where'er we roam;  
Not one can touch so sweet a string  
Or to the heart such rapture bring  
As those loved songs of home.

REVENGE

**A**N Eastern monarch had a favourite  
haughty,  
Who, one day, seeing a poor priest pass  
by,  
Picked up a stone; and, feeling proud and  
naughty,  
Full at the dervish let the missile fly.

Smarting and sore, the priest reflected whether  
He safely might repay the rude attack.  
Then, stone and insult pocketing together,  
Quoth he: "The time will come to throw  
them back."

Not long thereafter, walking through the city,  
He met the favourite, fallen to disgrace,  
Paraded through the streets, a thing to pity,  
Butt of the jesting, jeering populace.

The dervish seized the stone, but did not throw  
it;  
"There is no time for vengeance," quoth he,  
with a smile;  
"For when your foe is strong, you dare not  
show it,  
When he is weak, it is not worth your while."

THANKSGIVING DAY. I

**T**HUS comes the day of memories sweet,  
Laying its trophies at our feet :  
A year of bountiful increase,  
Rich fields of harvest reaped in peace,  
Fair fruits from branches bending low,  
Fresh winds from east and west that blow  
With breath of health, a sky all clear,  
Undimmed by one dark cloud of fear,  
That arches o'er from sea to sea  
A land of peace and unity.

Not so the first Thanksgiving came  
To those of brave and blessed name,  
Who patient toiled to sow at length  
The seed-corn of a nation's strength.  
Death wrought with them their harvest field,  
And bore away the larger yield ;  
Yet calmly on that friendless strand  
With hymns of praise we see them stand,  
Singing, in bitter banishment,  
With scant supply but full content,  
In meek, heroic attitude,  
" We owe the Giver gratitude."

## Thanksgiving Day

We, standing 'mid the ripened ears,  
The golden harvest of the years,  
As summers fade and autumns glow,  
Before the falling of the snow,  
As garnerers fill and labors cease,  
And plenitude—and pride—increase,  
Repeat the easy platitude,  
“We owe the Giver gratitude.”

But what of struggle or of trial,  
Of hardship borne or self-denial  
For purer life in church and state,  
For all that made the fathers great?  
While we give thanks, thus let us pray:  
For leaders brave and true as they,  
For reign of perfect liberty  
Wherewith the truth shall make us free;  
For honest aims, for simpler life,  
For less of greed and less of strife,  
For godly gain that gives content,  
For larger vision clearly bent  
Along the future, till we see  
The world new-born that is to be,  
And what the part 'tis ours to play  
Till dawns that glad Thanksgiving Day.



THANKSGIVING DAY. II

**W**E hail with joy the budding spring,  
And summer's perfect prime we  
praise ;  
Yet fonder are the hearts that cling  
Around these dear, departing days,  
When, full of wealth, the year is growing old,  
Crowned at the close with all its garnered gold.  
Oh, welcome time of work well done !  
Rich trophies of the sun and soil  
On every field are fairly won,  
And now, at last, a truce to toil !  
Our joyful Day of Jubilee is come,  
With harvest and with household gathered  
home.  
From South and North, from West and East,  
The faces absence makes more dear,  
Are homeward turned to crown the feast,  
The feast of love that crowns the year.  
A goodly time, albeit all too brief,  
When fond affection binds its scattered sheaf.  
Oh, day made dear by countless ties,  
Since first the fathers bravely stood,  
And bared their foreheads to the skies,  
Amid the wintry solitude ;  
Our hearts have held the feast, and still will  
hold,  
Till autumns cease to crown the year with gold.

“BRING GARLANDS”

To Rudyard Kipling, during his illness in New York City.

**B**RING garlands, though  
The head lie low,  
And pray it be uplifted  
To wear the bays  
Of honest praise,  
For labor good and gifted.

No other fame  
Is worth the name,  
'Tis merit's just requiting ;  
Though Austin weaves  
The laurel leaves,  
Our Rudyard does the writing.

STEPPING STONES

**U**PON the level of the past  
I builded ; but in vain ;  
My building came to naught.  
Then, of its fragments I made steps,  
to gain  
A broader view ; and thus, at last,  
Upon the higher plane  
My work was wrought.

## Dialect Rhymes

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### BRER JOHNSING'S SUHMON

**D**EAR Bredren, I'se a-gwine to preach  
A suhmon outen han',  
So plain, de pickaninnies  
An' dey Mahs kin onde'stan'.  
I don' tek no p'tick'ler tex'  
Fur my discose to-day,  
But w'at you's got to larn is dis :  
We's all made outen clay.

Dey ain't no use er talkin'  
Dis " highah life " to me,  
Hit's all des trash an' nonsense,  
Ez triflin' ez kin be.  
Yo, in de amen cohndah dah,  
Yo yeah des w'at I say ;  
De saints an' sinnahs, black an' w'ite,  
Is all made outen clay.

Now dah wuz ole man Jonah,  
De prophet ob de Lawd,  
He shuhked de job fur nothin'  
But de with'in ob a goh'd ;

## Dialect Rhymes

A or'nery, no count, stragglin' vine !  
But Jonah hed to pay,  
An' tek a sho-nuff whalin',  
Kase he's made outen clay.

An' dah wuz prophet 'Lijah ;  
He got so skeah'd, he tried  
To hide hisse'f ;—but, honey,  
De Lawd won't let yo hide.  
He scented out dat prophet,  
An' fus' news, dah he heah  
A voice done hollah, "'Lijah !  
Say, w'at yo doin' yeah ?"

Yas, suh, dat po' man 'Lijah,  
Wuz des de ve'y same  
Dey done kotch up to Hebben  
In a cha'iot ob flame ;  
But he done hed his trials,  
An' mis'ries in his day.  
He was de bes', but, lak de res',  
He's des made outen clay.

Yo all sho membahs Moses,  
Dat s'vig'rous man ob God ;  
An' how he fotch ole Pha'ro  
Wid his wondah-wukkin rod ;  
But w'en he los' his tempah,  
An' hit de rock dat day ;  
He drap his money-pus, an' showed  
Dat he's made outen clay.

## Lays of the Lake

Den David,—but, Lawd he'p us !  
Anointed he mought be,  
De clay wuz des ez thick on him  
Ez 'tis on you an' me.  
'Tain't no use length'nin' my discose ;  
Let Brudder Rastus pray ;  
An' don't yo' fuse to 'spon' amen,  
Kase *he's* made outen clay.

## HANS UND GRETCHEN

**I** AM fery mad mit Hans,  
Vy he goes in oder lands ;

Vay off on de sea so far,  
In dat old America !

Ven I knew 't would make him go,  
V'ile ve study Inglis so,

I vould not coom in de school ;  
I vould radder be a fool !

Now he's dere, he write for say  
Dat he mak his mind to stay ;

## Dialect Rhymes

Dat he wants I coom dere, too.  
Dat ting I vill neffer do !

Sends de billet, dat vill pay  
For mine passage, all de vay.

Cross de ocean? Dunner blitz!  
Does he tink I lost my vits?

Dere is plenty boys yet here;  
I take somebody more near;

Yahcobe, Hermon, oder Chon,  
Dey vould bleze me, eder von.

Blenty nice young Chermon mons,  
Shoost as goot und smart as Hans.

Now he sends von letter yet,  
I von't open it, you bet!

Shoost to read how fast he make  
Money for his Cretchen's sake!

Vat de use of money dah,  
Vay off in America?

I say, let der azel coom,  
Ve can spend it fas' at home.

But I vill dat letter see,—  
'Tis de las' vill coom to me.

## Lays of the Lake

I can shoost read vat he say,  
Den I tro it guick away.

Oh! mine cracious! Hans is sick!  
Don't I vish I bin dere, guick?

Vorked so hard, de plessed poy!  
Shoost to gif his Cretchen choy!

Leedle house, all feexed oop nice,  
Now he lies down dere an' dies.

Cracious me! vat dis he write?  
Fraülein Yerks cooms, makes a light,

Cooks his dinner,—vell, I say!  
I starts off dis fery day.

Nefer vas no poy like Hans!  
Vat vas Hermons, Yahcobes, Chons?

Now I coom! yah, Hanschen, yah,  
Coom dah in America!



“ BEAUTIFUL SNOW ”

TOM left for the office at 8 : 24,  
I sipped at my coffee for ten minutes  
more ;

'Twas perfect—the room was so pleasant, be-  
side,

Though 'tis the front basement, which Tom can't  
abide.

The snow fell without in a soft, gentle way,  
That made one feel—well, I'm sure I can't say  
Just how I did feel ; I decided, I know,  
To write my first poem, on—“ Beautiful Snow.”  
The Muses had never smiled on me before,  
And, lest they should vanish, I hastily tore  
A leaf from my grocery-book, and began —

“ O beautiful gift of the skies unto man !  
Thou comest, blest symbol of peace and of love,  
And foldest thy wings o'er the earth like a dove.  
So soft —— ”

“ Do yees want yer paths shovelled ? ” My  
heart !

That Irish boy's voice never gave such a start.  
Close up by the window he stood. “ The snaw's  
dape,  
An' I'll do it fur twinty-five cints, an' that's  
chape.”

Indignant, I fiercely refused him, and then  
Took tenderly up my poor poem again.

## Lays of the Lake

“ So soft over all thy pure mantle is rolled,  
Thou hidest each blemish with fold upon fold.  
Oh, thus ——”

“ Here’s a man, Mrs. Brown, fur de roof.  
He says dat tar-mixture am not waterproof;  
Dat de snow’ll soak froo, an’ de roofn’ll rust,  
An’ sho, in de spring, all de leadahs’ll bust.”  
“ O Dinah !” I threw myself back in my chair,  
And sank to the very last depths of despair.  
The spell had been broken ; still, I was resigned.  
(To wish her in Guinea was nothing unkind ;)  
Yet her dark face had scarce disappeared from  
the door,  
Ere I thrilled with a sweet inspiration once more.  
Those pure, fleecy flakes that were filling the air,  
Seemed messengers from some mysterious where.  
Each flake, as it fell, dropped a thought in my  
heart ;  
I picked up my pencil, and made a fresh start.

“ Oh, thus,” I began, glancing forward and back,  
To be sure I was running along a clear track —  
“ Oh, thus doth the mantle of Charity fall,  
To cover the weakness and sin of us all.”

A foot on the step, and a ring at the door,  
Broke in on my smooth-flowing measures once  
more.

My temper is sweet, I may say without pride,  
Yet I cannot but own I was terribly tried :

## Dialect Rhymes

Not angry, oh, no, not a particle vexed,  
But only so dreadfully grieved and perplexed.  
I sat like a martyr awaiting his doom,  
When, lo! a policeman marched into the room.

“Your walks is impassable, madam. Good-day.”

And the faithful official rejoiced on his way.

And still fell the snowflakes, as though the kind  
clouds

Had spent the whole summer in weaving soft  
shrouds

For flowers that must die on the earth's gentle  
breast,

That now fell, to wrap them away to their rest.

O beautiful snow! Why, there's Tom at the  
door.

“Tom, dear, but you're leaving such tracks on the  
floor,

You're ruining the carpet ——”

“Oh, never mind that.

Just pull off my ulster, and hang up my hat;

I've had such a fall, I came down on my wrist,

And gave it, great Scot! the most vicious old  
twist;

Do send for the doctor; and then run and bring

The arnica bottle, and make me a sling.”

## Lays of the Lake

'Tis a month since that day, and this morning I  
took

My poor little piece from the grocery-book.  
It will never be finished ; the beautiful snow  
Went off in a thaw, about two weeks ago,  
While I had poor Tom on my hands. It's too  
bad

That my poem, which started so sweetly, and had  
Such a really refined and poetical gush,  
Should end in an arnica bottle and slush.

## MRS. VAN DUSEN'S VANDU

“ **I**T agg'avates me,” said good Mrs. Van  
Dusen,

“ To think that a cousin of mine,  
Especially that little do-nothing Susan,  
Should have her house fixed up so fine.

“ A big Morris chair with a plush cushion on it,  
Bright green striped with red,—I declare,  
That plush would look nice on a best winter  
bonnet,  
And think of it once, on a chair !

“ Her couches, and carpets, and dishes are finer  
Than any I ever saw sold,  
While look at our haircloth, and ugly blue china,  
Not less than a hundred years old.”

“ Oh, wal', what's the diffurnce ? ” said Mr. Van  
Dusen,

“ Yer grampa, he liked things this way.  
That truck o' Susanna's is simply amusin',  
So turrible glary and gay.”

“ My grampa !—great, great, you may say, for he  
had 'em,

These very old duds, jest the same ;  
We haven't a thing but what's older than Adam.  
Why, Susan, she thinks it's a shame.”

“ Wal', then, let 'er think,” said wise deacon Van  
Dusen,

“ I jest as liv's have our things old ;  
Her man dasn't go through the rooms with his  
shoes on,  
Fur fear she'll git fussy, and scold.

“ But, if y're so set on new things, why, I'm  
goin'

Next week, with the Grangers, to town,  
Ye'll see what I'll fetch, sumpthin' new, ther's no  
knowin'

It might be a bunnit an' gown.”

But Mrs. Van D—— had her visions of glory.

Next day, while her husband sowed wheat,  
The old auctioneer took a full inventory  
Of all her possessions complete.

## Lays of the Lake

From attic to cellar they tramped, while she  
wondered

How much her belongings might "bring,"  
"Dun'no," said old Larkin, "it might be five  
hunderd,  
Concludin' a'most ever'thing.

"I might give ye thet, ez it's you, Mis Van  
Dusen.

Say five hunderd down, on the spot,  
Then hold the vandu, with my chances o' losin',  
An' git what I kin, fur the lot.

"What say? Oh, no; Van wouldn't like to see  
strangers

Tote off this here truck in his sight.  
I'll hold it next week, while he's gone with the  
Grangers,  
Say Wednesday er Thursday;—all right.

"Leave ever'thing stand, the old clock on the  
landin',

The andirons, an' all the old trash.  
I'll take the hull lot, jest the way that it's  
standin',  
An' fetch ye five hunderd in cash."

So, it was agreed, and the days passed in quiet,  
Though Mrs. Van D—— sometimes thought:  
"I feel kinder mean, there's no use to deny it,  
I'm doin' what I hadn't ought.



## Dialect Rhymes

“ These tables and chairs look like friends and  
relations,  
Their claw-feet seem clutchin’ the floor,  
The places they’ve stood on for five generations,  
From which they’re so soon to be tore.”

The days went, and off to the Grangers’ Conven-  
tion  
Went Mr. Van D—— ; but alack !  
Against his own pleasure, and plan and intention,  
The very next train brought him back.

“ Mariar,” he said, “ when I went to the City,  
I promised I’d fetch sumpthin’ new.  
I think this here handbill is strikin’ and pretty ;  
It’s headed : ‘ Van Dusen’s Vandu ! ’ ”

“ Why, Josha—Josh—Joshaway Van ! did you  
ever ?  
Our things, all set down in detail,  
That Larkin called trash ! Look at this, well, I  
never !  
‘ A Three Thousand Dollar Grand Sale ’ ! ”

“ Oh, Larkin ’ud sell his poor soul fur a shillin’,  
The wuthless, contemptible sneak !  
An’ see how he labels ’em here, the old villin !  
W’y, every blame thing’s a anteenk.”



## Lays of the Lake

“ Oh, Joshaway, stop, you forget how you’re  
    speakin’,”

    Cried terrified Mrs. Van D——.

“ You’re usin’ onsuitable words fur a deacon,  
    An’ the heft o’ the blame is on me.

“ I see it all now,—it was vain, silly weakness  
    To want these good things to be sold ;  
But I never knew about all this anteeekness.  
    I thought that the things was jest old.”

“ Wal’, wal’, now, don’t cry. Of all things that’s  
    most tryin’,—  
    The thing I can’t stand, never could.  
The wust thing on earth’s to see wimminfolks  
    cryin’,  
    An’ don’t do the least mite o’ good.

“ Besides that, Mariar, sence you’ve learnt yer  
    lesson,  
    Ye don’t need to feel no alarm.  
It seems more thun likely to prove a great  
    blessin’ ;  
    Er leastways, it hain’t done no harm.

“ Ole Larkin an’ me’s hed it out on the journey,  
    An’, sure ’nuff, the tables is turned.  
I ’spishuned a trick ; so I fetched an attorney,  
    An’ this here Vandu is rejourned.

## Dialect Rhymes

“ He’s goin’ round now, tearin’ down these old placards.

It doos make me laugh fit to kill,  
To think how he’s runnin’, to front yards an’ back yards,  
Wherever he’s posted a bill.”

“ Thank goodness ! I never did feel half so thankful.

I’ve lived the hull week in disgrace.  
I’d give all the money we’re wuth, yes, a bank-full,  
To dast look that clock in the face.

“ Let Susan keep all her new things, I would ruther

She’d set in her big Morris chairs,  
And let me keep this, that was sot in by mother,  
Where grampa knelt down to his prayers.

“ We might have chose different things, if we’d choosed ’em ;

But such things ain’t wuth no great fuss,  
Except fur the sake of the folks that has used ’em,—  
Our folks, that has left ’em to us.

“ So I’ll dust the house, while you go to your labors ;

And thankful the old things ain’t new.”  
And that was the last that was heard by the neighbors,  
Of Mrs. Van Dusen’s Vandu.



PART II

Musings and Memories



## Musings and Memories

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### SABBATH STILLNESS

SILENCE sweeter than all sound,  
Calm to other hours unknown,  
Wraps the sacred Sabbath round,—  
Priestly garment, fringed alone  
By the water's twinkling tone,  
Or the silv'ry bells that ring,  
Where, in forest shades profound,  
Summer insects softly sing.  
Bowed, we wait, if now may fall,  
Through yon thinly veiled skies,  
On our ears some strange, sweet call  
To behold, with mortal eyes,  
Where His bright Shekinah lies,  
In the Holiest of all.

*(Frontispiece.)*

“ IT IS FINISHED ”



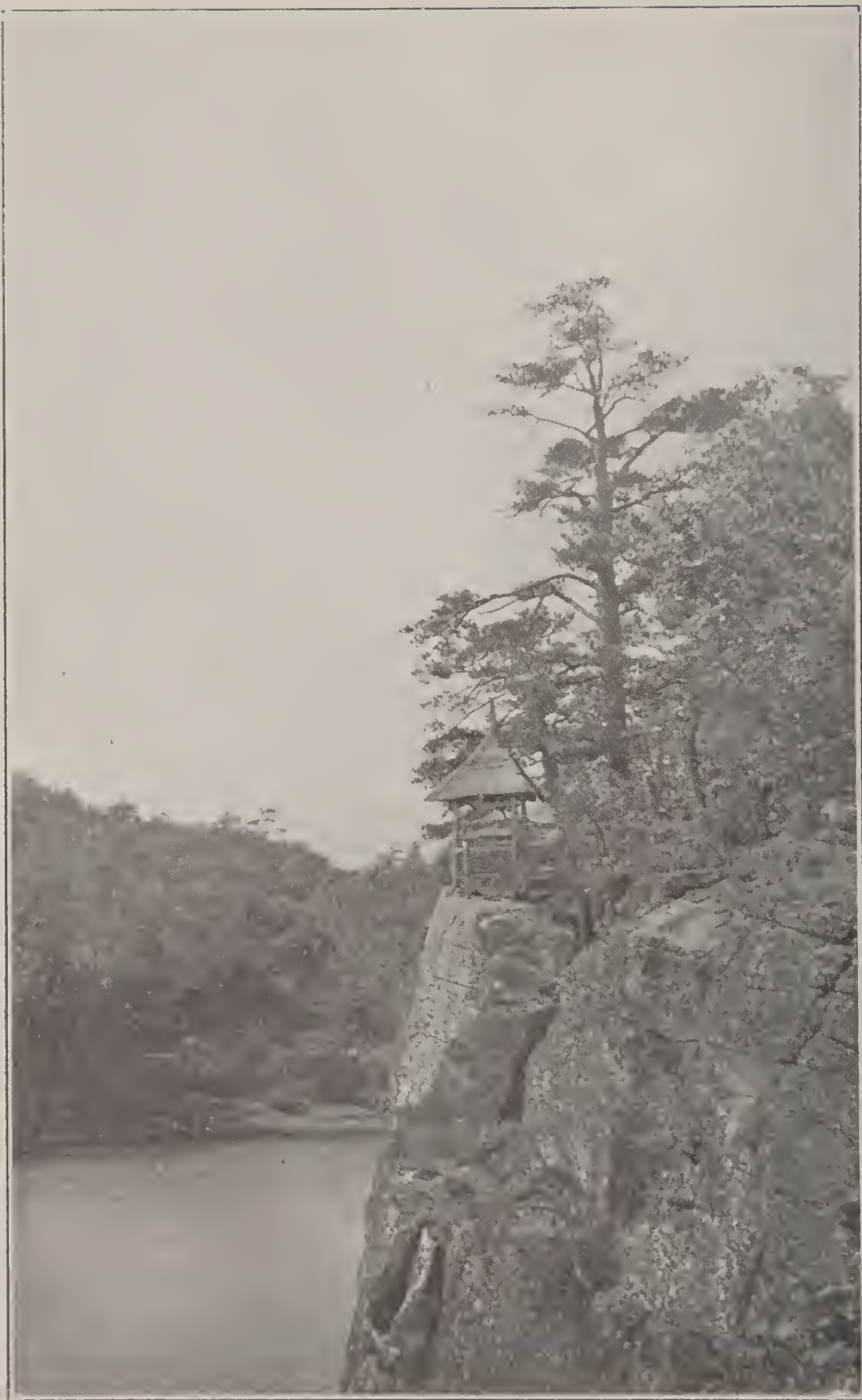
ONE finished life, and only one,  
Since life's long record first began,  
Or death's surprise, o'ertaking man,  
Gave sudden pause to deeds half done.

Our purposes o'erlap our days ;  
Life, with its plans, its powers, unspent,  
Is folded as a shepherd's tent,  
And silently we go our ways.

One finished life, and only one.  
Were this our life, to do His will,  
Death would but finish and fulfil  
Our last desire : Thy will be done.







“STANDING TIPTOE THERE, A TREE”

THE RIFTED ROCK

**A** LEDGE of rifted rock I know,  
A narrow, giddy ledge to see,  
And, standing tiptoe there, a tree,  
Mirrored in watery depths below.

And taller, braver, year by year,  
It flings its leafy banners free,  
And claps its hands in very glee,  
As who should say : " I know no fear."

Ay, who should fear? Shall storm or shock  
Of earth or Heaven harm thee or me?  
Alike we safely stand, my tree,  
Firm rooted in the Rifted Rock.

EASTER DAWN

It is the early morning,  
The dawn breaks chill and gray,  
Out through the gloom  
To seek His tomb  
The women wend their way ;  
Frail, loving, fearing, and alone,  
And who shall roll away the stone ?

Oh, sweet my trembling sisters,  
I seem to hear the beat  
Of hearts whose pain  
Is born again,  
Of flying, faltering feet.  
My service waits ; and I, alone,  
How can I roll away the stone ?

O Thou, whose strong swift legions  
Await on poised wing,  
If this my task,  
Grant now, I ask,  
The aid Thine angels bring ;  
Bid them descend at dawn of day,  
And roll, for me, the stone away.

THE DIVINE TRAGEDY

PERSONÆ

**T**HE King—of a condemned and rebel race.  
The High Priest—entered in the Holy  
Place.

The Atoning Victim—on the altar stone.

A Man—to intercede before the throne.

One—Jesus Christ.

“ TO THE SOCKET ”

**W**E walked and talked those golden days,  
We told our stories, one by one,  
Till he, whose words were passing  
praise,

Gave this, when all the rest had done,  
The while we walked the woodland ways,  
Between the shadow and the sun.

---

Upon an antique seal, in quaint design,

A candle burns ; as by its rays illumed,  
One reads beneath the effigy this line :

“ By giving light I am myself consumed.”

Witness, O chrysolite, for all that live ;

Each holy martyr witnesseth the same,  
Ay, even He, our Light, Himself must give.

Wouldst thou give light ? Thyself must feed  
the flame.

THE THREE KINGS

TR. HEINRICH HEINE

**T**HREE holy kings from the morning-land,  
In every village they pause and stand :  
“ Dear men and maids, can ye guide us  
down

The road that leads to Bethlehem-town ? ”

But the young and old, they could not say,  
And the three kings fared along their way.  
Then a golden star in Heaven shone,  
Tenderly beckoning on and on.

The star stands still o’er a lowly stall,  
The kine low soft, with answering call,  
An Infant wails ; and they joyful stand,  
And sing,—the kings from the morning-land.

REFRAIN :—

Then follow them down, follow them down,  
To the star-lit stall in Bethlehem-town,  
Follow and sing, with an offering,  
To the new-born Babe, to the Christ our King.

THE ANGELUS

HEAR the distant Angelus  
Ring out the three times three,  
To name again and yet again,  
The Blessed Trinity.  
To call my soul from earth, and bring  
Heaven's message down to me.


Not as to cloistered saint, whose soul,  
In tune with things unseen,  
Leaves holy thoughts for holier,  
With pause for prayer between,  
Rings out the call, with rise and fall,  
So sweet and so serene ;

But as though angels three were sent,  
With lily bells of white,  
To sound a summons to my soul,  
I hear them from the height,  
Call : " Put away the dust of day,  
And robe thee for the night."

" Put off the earthy, lift thine eyes  
Up from the crumbling clod.  
Rise higher than the dust thy feet  
The weary day have trod.  
Lift up thine eyes, behold the skies,  
Behold the hills of God."



“OUT OF THE DEPTHS”

“UT of the depths,” where, faint, we cling  
In faith that questions not, nor strives,  
“Out of the depths,” like pearls we bring  
The priceless lessons of our lives.

So slow we are to meet His will,  
So stubborn to resist His word,  
We match our puny reason still,  
Against the mandate of our Lord ;

Till in some silence lone and vast,  
Some deep-sea sounding of the soul,  
With spirit hushed, at last, at last,  
We yield our will to His control.

Like Nineveh’s unwilling seer  
We hear the word : “ Arise, and go ! ”  
And when like him, o’ercome by fear,  
Our faltering spirits answer “ No ; ”

God’s winds pursue us as we flee.  
Where His accusing waves are driven,  
The storm-tossed bark upon the sea  
Becomes the judgment bar of Heaven.

And we, with fainting soul must go  
Alone into those depths profound,  
Where all His billows overflow ;  
Where His great stillness wraps us round.

With trembling trust to Him we cling ;  
His love uplifts, He guides our way,  
“ Out of the depths ” at last we bring  
Life’s peerless lesson—to obey.

### WAITING

**A**S the smooth, still waters lie,  
Waiting for the winds that go  
Gently wafting to and fro,  
Waiting thus, O Lord, am I.  
Willing, without other will  
Than the willingness to be  
Moving, moved upon by Thee,  
Quiet, if Thou sayst : “ Be still.”

“MY FATHER KNOWS IT ALL”

TILL you feel the good ship stagger and reel,  
When seas would overwhelm,  
With a storm-struck tremor from deck to  
keel ;

You never can know what it is to feel

“ The pilot is at the helm.”

Till you try the treacherous Alpine pass,

You never can learn to say,

With a trembling foot on the sea of glass,

Or a shudder to leap the deep crevasse,

“ The guide knows all the way.”

And until life's troubles and sorrows press,

And its darker shadows fall ;

You will never know how trials can bless,

Nor, looking aloft from deep distress,

Say : “ My Father knows it all.”

MISSIONARY HYMN

**G**OD of the ages, as they roll,  
God of each passing day and hour,  
We thank Thee for Thy kind control;  
We praise Thee for Thy boundless  
power.

We bless Thee that our lives are Thine,  
That, humbly working, we may be  
Parts of Thine infinite design,  
Co-laborers, O Lord, with Thee.

We praise Thee for our sainted dead  
Who serve to-day about Thy throne;  
We stand to labor in their stead,  
And reap the fields that they have sown.

Grant that Thy grace and power may come  
On all where'er Thy servants are,  
On those who plan and pray at home,  
On those who reap white fields afar.

With willing hearts Thy people bless,  
And consecrate us all to Thee;  
Bring in Thy reign of righteousness,  
And Thine shall all the glory be.

WATERS IN THE WILDERNESS

THE "Prince of Peace," King Solomon,  
Looked o'er the arid land  
That eastward lay towards Babylon,  
A sea of desert sand.

"Let rivers from the mountains flow!"  
Went forth the royal word;  
And streams straightway descend, as though  
The hillside fountains heard.

By labor long of many hands,  
By tireless toil and slow,  
A channel deep grew through the sands,  
Where those cool streams might flow.

They came with touch of mountain snows,  
With breath of mountain balms;  
And on the plain Palmyra rose,  
The "City of the Palms."

It rose amid the waste of sand,  
A joy to weary eyes,  
A very Elim in the land,  
A pilgrim's paradise.

## Musings and Memories

Thus saith our Prince of Peace to-day :

“ Send forth the stream of grace ;  
Let willing hands prepare a way  
In every desert place.”

Shall we not heed our King's command,  
Till free that river flows,  
Till every dry and desert land  
Shall blossom as the rose ?

Ah, think what joy our toil shall bring,  
When weary, waiting eyes  
Shall see the City of the King,  
The Palms of Paradise.

## Lays of the Lake

### A DREAM

**I**F, while the light of sunset lies  
Across the level sea,  
To opened gates of Paradise  
A path were made for me,

A footing firm from brink to brink,  
A bridge of burnished gold,  
That I might tread secure, nor sink,  
Through fear, like him of old ;

And if, with swiftly flying feet,  
That pathway might be passed,  
And we for one sweet hour might meet,—  
At last, Dear Heart, at last !

How could I meet thee, face to face,  
And gaze into thine eyes ;  
If, looking from that holy place  
With questioning surprise,

And gentle voice, I heard thee ask :  
“ Why art thou come to me ?  
And why hast left that lowly task  
The Master set for thee ?

“ This were not Paradise, if still  
My word could bid thee stay ;  
'Tis Paradise to do His will ;  
'Tis Heaven to obey.”



“TO THE END”

MATT. X. 22.

’TIS not enough that they who run  
To gain a crown of bay  
Should only win as they begin,  
Then falter by the way.  
Who wins in part, but not the whole,  
Wins naught; the crown is at the goal.

’Tis not enough for those who fight,  
That deeds of fame be done,  
If they give o’er, and rest before  
The day is fairly won.  
True triumph comes when toil is past;  
He conquers best who conquers last.

’Tis not enough, O soul of mine,  
That thou hast well begun,  
If, lacking strength, thou fail at length,  
Before thy race is run.  
Press on! thy Lord new strength will lend;  
Fight on, “enduring to the end.”

FAITH

**G**IFT of faith, transcendent treasure,  
In thy light the gifts of earth,  
All of profit, all of pleasure,  
Are as things of little worth.

Taught by thee, we calmly credit  
Wonders passing human ken,  
Knowing only "He hath said it,"  
Asking not the why nor when.

Stayed by thee, our footsteps follow  
O'er the desert's shifting sand,  
Through the Red Sea's wind-swept hollow,  
Onward to the Promised Land.

Clouds may gather round about us,  
Foes prevail to do us wrong,  
All within and all without us  
Share the conflict fierce and strong ;

Doubts may threaten with disaster,  
Even the very voice of prayer,  
Lifted to the loving Master,  
Seem to strike the empty air ;

## Musings and Memories

Then thy hand shall lift the curtain  
Hanging heavily between  
All the palpable and certain  
And the limitless unseen ;

Lift our longing souls and show us,  
As upon the heights we stand,  
Clouds and conflicts far below us,  
Glimpses of the Glory-land.

Yea, and in the strife's glad ending,  
In the triumph over death,  
We shall sing, to Heaven ascending,  
" Thine the victory, O Faith ! "

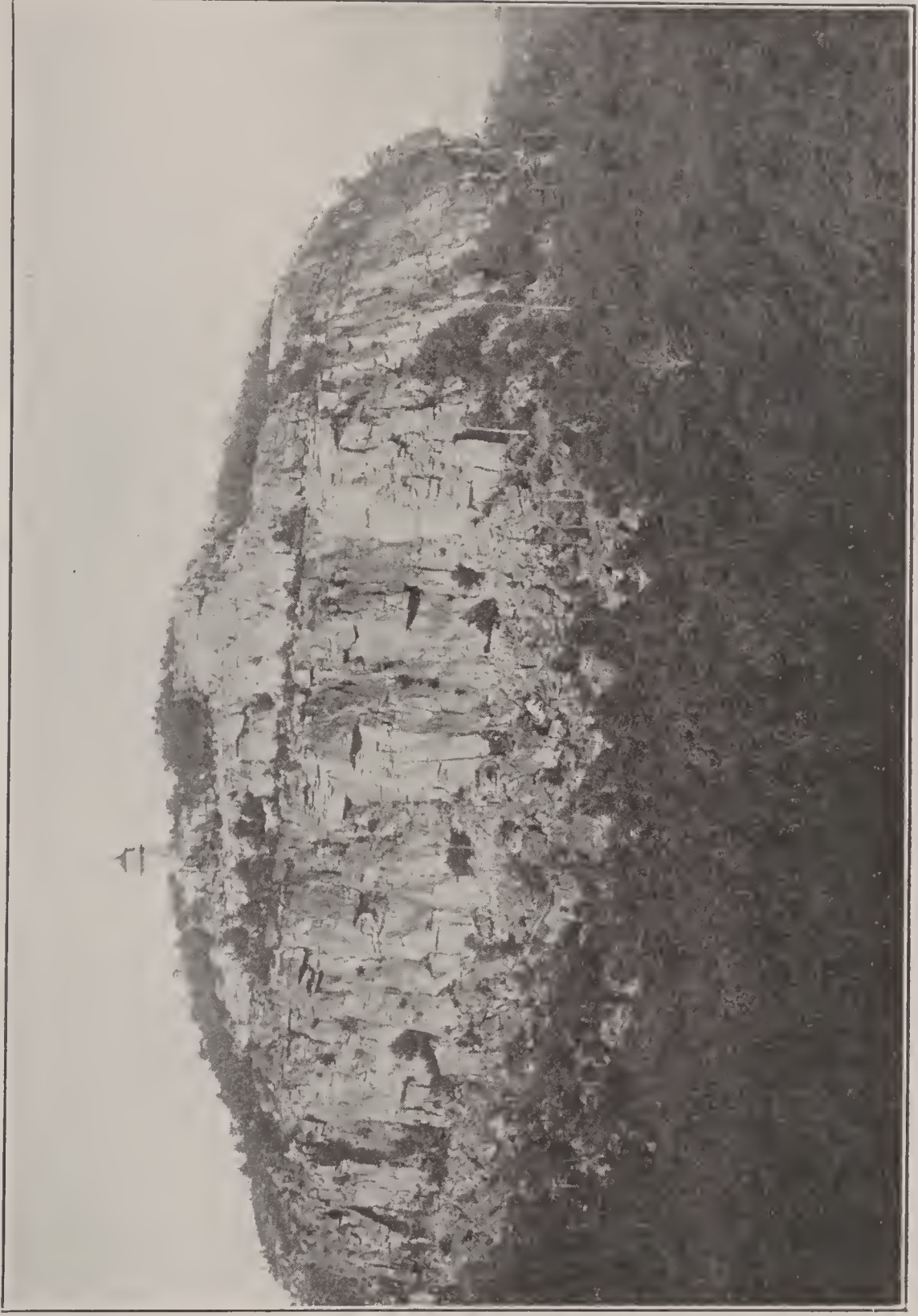
THE ROCK

**W**ONDER rises the Rock,  
Sheer from the water's edge,  
Holding its tower on high ;  
Half a thousand feet from the lapping  
waves and sedge,  
To the blue line of the sky.

In tattered lichens clad,  
Battered and old and gray,  
Gazing abroad o'er all,  
O'er vales of peace and off, where  
mountains far away,  
Like billows rise and fall.

Facing the storms and heat,  
Stalwart and stern it stands,  
While the centuries march by ;  
Reaching aloft, and so, with clutch  
of iron bands,  
Holding its tower on high.

Thus stood the templed Mount,  
The Holy Hill of God,  
Mocking the march of men ;  
The Babylonian horde thereon in  
triumph trod,  
Crusader and Saracen.



THE ROCK



## Musings and Memories

The man of Macedon  
For higher conquest, turned  
Him from the Holy Place ;  
And the unhallowed Greek his filthy  
offering burned  
Before Jehovah's face.

Still stable stood the Rock,  
Undaunted, undismayed,  
Steadfast as when it bore  
Jehovah's altar, and with offerings  
overlaid  
Araunah's threshing floor.

Stood as it stands to-day,  
Rugged, brave-browed, alone,  
'Mid falseness unafraid,  
Pattern and prototype of all  
Jehovah's own,  
Who on His strength are stayed.

Deep-rooted, fearless, firm,  
In stress of storm and strife  
Unshaken by the shock.  
Held by His hidden strength, anchored  
in Love and Life,  
For aye abides the Rock.



“ COME, REST A WHILE ”

**H**ARD-WROUGHT and weary, now to  
rest a while,  
Soothed by the world's sweet beauty and  
the Master's smile ;

From morn till noon perchance at ease to lie,  
The azure lake below, above the azure sky ;

For ceaseless voices and the city's roar,  
Only the gentle ripple of the dipping oar ;

For shores tired feet had trod day after day,  
A sunlit scene of verdure, silent, far away.

Blest boon of isolation, kind relief  
From press of human presence, respite sweet and  
brief ;

And then ? Once more the crowds that throng  
the shore ;  
The teaching, feeding, healing round of toil once  
more !

*Gennesaret.*

BEING AND DOING

**L**OVE is a fountain, its fulness bestowing,  
Hearts brimmed with love will be ever  
outgoing;  
Deeds are but drops of the soul's overflowing.

Love is a flower, rich odors possessing;  
Ah! there bloom spirits, sweet, past all express-  
ing;  
Freely their fragrance floats outward in blessing.

Simply to be, that is life's golden dower;  
Breathing out fragrance needs no subtle power;  
Needs but the being a sweet-scented flower.

Be, and the world shall thy doing discover;  
Others will find, as the bees find the clover;  
Others will drink of the fount flowing over.

THE SCULPTOR

**S**LOWLY, the rough-hewn block, the master  
eyed,  
Boldly he struck, with swift, unsparing  
touch,

And, "Stay thy hand, O master wise," they  
cried ;

"Stay, lest thou rob the marble overmuch."

"Patience," the master said ; "even now mine  
eyes

Within the stone the imprisoned angel see.  
Patience, ye shall behold its form arise ;  
I only haste to set the angel free."

So ;—let the lesson old,  
The story oft retold,  
Come to thy struggling soul like some new  
thought ;

Come in the hour of trial,  
Of bitter, hard denial,  
And teach again the trust so often taught ;—

Teach trust, that we who stand  
Beneath the Master's hand,  
The imperfect semblance of what we must be,  
In patience may abide,  
Letting His love decide  
Who only smites to set the angel free.

THE POTTER

**A**S clay in the hand of the potter lies,  
Obedient, yielding, so I would rest,  
In the hand of the Master, kind and wise,  
To be molded and formed as seemeth  
best.

I would question not, though His loving skill  
May to-day lift up and again lay low ;  
But wait as the clay on the guiding will  
That maketh the perfect outline grow.

I would trust, though He disappoint my days,  
While others rejoice in their heart's desire ;  
Some clay may need only the sun's bright rays,  
While other must pass through the furnace fire.

I would trust and wait, letting Him decide,  
Obedient, yielding, as waits the clay,  
Knowing only—I shall be satisfied  
When in His own likeness I wake one day.

DUTIES

**W**HAT are duties done ?  
Seeds the wind will blow away.  
They shall grow and bloom some day;  
Fragrant blossoms, fresh and gay,  
We shall gather by the way.  
Poppy petals shall be spread,  
For a sweet and dreamless bed,  
When the night comes on.

What are duties left undone ?  
Sharp-edged stones we fling away.  
They shall bruise our feet some day;  
Meet us, whereso'er we stray,  
Lying all along the way.  
They will make a cruel bed,  
Whereon we must lay our head,  
When the night comes on.

“ART THOU WEARY?”

**A**RT thou weary, O my heart?  
I am weary too.  
'Tis a dreary painful part,  
This, we daily do.

“Ay, but weary one and worn,  
Think that for a King is borne  
All thy burden.”

For a King, but, O my heart,  
'Tis a burden still;  
And the yoke doth gall and smart  
'Gainst my human will.

“Take His yoke, 'twill fit thy neck.  
Reck not of the toil, but reckon  
Of the guerdon.”

HEIMWEH

THE world is very bright and fair  
Wherein I dwell ;  
How sweet its joys, sweet even its care ;  
I love it well.

Yet oft from its best bliss I turn  
All unbeguiled ;  
And for my Father's house I yearn,  
A homesick child.

Fair are the hills of earth that here  
Around me rise,  
Lifting white crowns through sunlight clear  
Toward His great skies.

Yet fairer gleam those hills of God  
In perfect light,  
By His home-gathered children trod  
Who walk in white.

Here peaceful rivers on and on  
Flow fair and free ;  
But, oh, yon river by His throne  
Would I might see !



## Musings and Memories

Earth's goodly fruits to me are given,  
For me they fall ;  
But that one healing tree of Heaven  
Were worth them all.

Father, who in these earthly joys  
On me hast smiled,  
I thank Thee, yet would hear Thy voice  
Call home Thy child.

## HIS WAY

'TIS the way of His appointing,  
First thy heart's best treasure bring,  
First the silent, sweet anointing,  
Then, hosanna, live the King !  
First thy whole heart for the Master,  
Lowly at His feet to lay,—  
'Tis thy box of alabaster,—  
Then, strew palms along His way.

“PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE  
LORD”

**W**HO will hear the Lord to-day?  
Who the desert voice obey?  
In his heart prepare the way?

Valleys deep to lift are there,  
Wide and wasted, marking where  
Labor lacked, or love, or prayer.

There are mountains to bring low,  
Pride and selfishness, that so  
Swift the Kingly feet may go.

Places rough to smooth and clear,  
Judgments harsh and words severe;  
For the Prince of Peace draws near.

Who will hail His gentle sway?  
Who will haste His glorious day?  
In his heart. “prepare the way”?

“ HEART, DO NOT FEAR ”

**H**EART, do not fear,  
Death is not drear ;  
'Tis God's best gift to those most dear.

So, safe from sight,  
A mother might  
Fold her tired child to slumbers light.

Whom she loves best  
She soothes to rest  
Most tenderly upon her breast.

Heart, do not weep,  
'Tis God doth keep ;  
“ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

A PRAYER

**M**ASTER, I have not always followed in  
Thy way ;  
Forgive the wanderings of the past, I  
pray ;  
And guide the feet my steps have led astray.

MY DREAM

**I** SEE a harvest field, whose gold  
Has turned, unreaped, to dust and mold.  
I see a reaper listless stand,  
A rusted sickle in his hand.

I see a stream, a shining stream,  
Whose sands run down with golden gleam;  
Beside the shore an idler stands,  
Nor stoops to glean those golden sands.

I see a day, a radiant day,  
Each hour a jewel, pass away;  
And one, who dreamed as daylight past,  
Wakes, with the twilight hour,—at last;

With eager energy of haste,  
Snatches, to gain from out the waste  
Some grain of gold, some jewel's spark,  
Some scattered sheaf—then falls the dark.

HASTE

**H**AST thou the light?  
Oh, then, use it.  
Swift comes the night,  
And we lose it.

Musings and Memories

Seed-thoughts hast thou  
In thy keeping ?  
Scatter them now  
For the reaping.

Seed-corn of gold ?  
Scatter faster.  
Bring home tenfold  
To the Master.

Beauty, or youth,  
Is thy dower ?  
Use for the truth  
All thy power.

Health ? wealth ? Give all,  
Never falter.  
Swift ! let them fall  
On the altar.

Life speeds away,  
Years are flying,  
While we delay  
Souls are dying.

Give ! for thy Lord  
All has given.  
Sweet thy reward,—  
Home and Heaven.

MOTHER'S PRAYERS

THERE'S a memory that often  
Steals upon me unawares,  
With its power to touch and soften ;  
'Tis the thought of mother's prayers.  
When the evening shadows darken,  
And the lights are burning low ;  
I can hear it as I hearken,  
That sweet sound of long ago.

When the little ones were nestled,  
And the angels watched above,  
Still the mother-spirit wrestled,  
In its great prevailing love ;  
And when dreams came softly stealing  
Through the pauses of the prayer,  
Still in sleep I saw her kneeling  
By the little bedside there.

Oh, I sometimes think that yonder  
Mother's voice for me doth pray,  
That my heart may never wander,  
That my steps go not astray.  
In the silence I can hear it,  
With its gentle, pleading tone,  
And I seem to see her spirit,  
Kneeling there, before the throne.

IMMANUEL

“Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”

**W**E take Thy legacy of love, O Lord,  
The heirloom of Thine own in  
every age,

Held by the few who caught the spoken word,  
Sealed for the many on Thy sacred page ;

Take Thee as Thou art offered, all divine,  
Believing where we cannot comprehend,  
Not striving with our little finite line  
To measure thoughts that earth and Heaven  
transcend.

We feel Thy presence near. We bow the head  
About Thine altar, breathing words of  
prayer ;

Press to our lips the consecrated bread,  
“Only believing,” and lo ! Thou art there.

Around the quiet hearth we bend the knee,  
Telling our daily need, our daily care,  
Pleading the promise to the two or three,  
And, answering ere we ask, lo ! Thou art  
there.

Help us to dwell within Thy presence thus,  
Our health, our wealth, our daily portion be ;  
Help us to take Thee, Lord, to be with us  
Until Thou takest us to be with Thee.

*St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.*



CHRIST, MY KING

CHRIST, my King, on Calvary,  
Crowned with cruel thorn for me,  
Once again Thy suffering  
I behold, O Christ, my King.

Here I clasp Thy piercèd feet,  
Weeping bitter tears, yet sweet;  
To Thy precious cross I cling,  
Trembling, trusting, Christ, my King.

Oh, the wonder of this hour!  
Move me, mold me by its power.  
All my being captive bring  
To Thy cross, O Christ, my King.

Keep that cross before mine eyes,  
Till, all glorious in the skies,  
I shall see, and seeing, sing  
Christ, the crucified, my King.

*Jerusalem, Good Friday.*

EASTER HYMN

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT, TRANSLATED BY  
REV. HENRY W. SMULLER

**F**ROM Easter morning's leafy wold  
The lark mounts up on dewy wings,  
And, floating o'er the quiet fold,  
This song she to the shepherds sings :  
    " Awake, the darkness flies !  
The new day breaks the might of night —  
Awake ye lambs to meet the light,  
    From the moist turf arise !

" Our Easter Lamb repaired our loss,  
Did our inheritance restore,  
When, bleeding on the shameful cross,  
The guilt of all His flock He bore ;  
    The Conqueror claims His meed !  
The robber grave its prey relieves ;  
And now upon the greenest leaves  
    His gentle flock may feed.

" The tree of life, with forfeit fruit,  
Stood leafless, withering in its doom ;  
The Lamb's fresh blood shall bathe its root —  
    Like Sharon's rose it then shall bloom.  
    The wrath is borne away ;  
Our Shepherd, see ! His flock He leads  
To pasture on the verdant meads  
    Of an eternal day."

IN THE SHADOW

THE roof is low of your little home,  
Where the golden sunlight weaves  
Its fretwork over the narrow dome,  
And the grass-grown, sloping eaves.

No windows open for winds to pass,  
As they wander to and fro ;  
Nor to let the sunlight in, alas !  
And you loved the sunlight so !

The door is closed. As I lay my flowers  
Silently down on the stone,  
I grieve to think of the long, long hours  
You must rest here, all alone.

I think of words you would once have said  
For a simple gift like this ;  
Of a loving hand laid on my head,  
Of a rare sweet smile, and a kiss.

I know the lesson you would have taught,—  
Of the ceaseless love and care,—  
Like a breath of subtle fragrance, caught  
From my roses, lying there.

## Musings and Memories

No voice speaks now of the ceaseless love,  
From this house so dark and cold ;  
This lowly roof, grass-grown above,  
And touched with a glint of gold.

A shadow falls ; like a somber shroud  
It covers the gold with gray.  
'Tis the shadow of a passing cloud  
That trembles, and slips away.

And I lift my eyes where, over all,  
Gleams the glory, golden bright.  
'Tis only on earth the shadows fall,  
Above is the endless light.

LINES ON "LINNET'S" BIRTHDAY

ELIZA PLATT STODDARD, SUCCASUNNA, N. J.

**A** TINY bird flew down to earth,  
In summer's golden days ;  
The Mother-heart sang at its birth,  
A song of prayer and praise.

And soon the Linnet learned to sing,  
The song that home loves best,  
Sweet twitterings of brooding wing,  
And of the sheltering nest.

The days flew lightly by, the lay  
Grew gay with maiden glee ;  
No bird upon the bending spray  
Sang blither song than she.

The golden light of morning gleamed,  
The day rose clear and bright ;  
But in her eyes already beamed  
A purer, holier light.

It fell upon her forehead fair,  
More beautiful than day ;  
The angel-hand had rested there,  
That beckoned her away.

## Musings and Memories

And, as the bird that mounts and sings  
Forever as it flies,  
Upborne by song and snow-white wings,  
She vanished in the skies.

But ever down the summer air  
Float echoes sweet and strong,  
That call on us to follow there,  
And join the angel-song.

Oh ! sweet, that ever she was sent,  
To draw us to the skies,  
To show our feet the way she went,  
The path to Paradise.

MY BETHEL

OLIVIA PROCTER, 1809-1893

**T**HIS is the room where yesterday,  
Breathing her beautiful life away,  
One of the King's own chosen lay.

I never looked on the saintly face,  
Crowned with silver and sweet with grace,  
But a halo lingers about the place.

In the silent night there comes once more  
The pause of a footstep at the door,  
And the gleam of garments along the floor ;

The sense of a holy presence near,  
Of a song that falls on the inward ear,  
An echo of what the angels hear.

There comes no thought of fear or gloom,  
No dream of dread these shades assume,  
But a benediction rests on the room ;

A conscious nearness to unseen things,  
A sweet protection of angel wings,  
And my soul with her soul at midnight sings.



Musings and Memories

And I see the Jordan gently swell,  
And the place where the prophet's mantle fell,  
And the chariots of Israel ;

And I cannot think I shall not be  
Better for nearness to such as she,  
And I pray that her mantle may fall on me.

*Lake Mohonk.*

AFTERGLOW



IN dreamy days, when autumn draws,  
As it were wove for weary eyes,  
Her filmy veil of silver gauze  
Athwart the brightness of the skies ;

When summer light and summer heat  
Grow mellow with the waning year,  
And, bound in sheaf, the ripened wheat  
Waits for the garner that is near ;

When toil and tumult sweetly cease,  
And every sound is hushed and low,  
And life seems all a sunset peace,  
A glorious, golden afterglow ;

Then, dream most dear and vision bright,  
I seem, sweet soul, to see thee stand,  
White-robed, upon the hills of light,  
And know thee in the morning land ;

A halo soft of silvery hair,  
Where now, I know, the King hath set  
The jeweled crown that victors wear,  
The conqueror's bright coronet :

## Musings and Memories

And tender, tranquil, full of love,  
Those eyes, so starlike, calm and clear,  
I cannot think, in Heaven above,  
They will be aught they were not here;

The look of grace, "the angel face,"  
That calmly fronted death so long,  
The voice whose gladness filled the place,  
Whose supplication seemed a song.

O golden dream of golden day,  
O presence vanished long ago,  
Light but a little yet the way,  
Before the falling of the snow.

IN THE SILENT CITY

**W**HITE and still the snows are spread,  
As we move with muffled tread,  
Through the city of the dead.

Slowly down the silent street,  
Pausing where the two ways meet.  
Hemlock branches, fresh and sweet

Shed their pungent odors round,  
Hiding where the new-turned ground  
Rises in a shapeless mound.

One more rose, a parting token,  
“Dust to dust,” the words are spoken ;  
Lips are sealed, though hearts be broken.

Leave us here a little space,  
Broken hearts may claim such grace,—  
Just to linger near the place.

Oh, how patient God can make  
Human hearts. It needs must take  
More than bending : they must break.

Quietly we learn to stand,  
All earth's dearest plans unplanned,  
Silent under God's own hand.

## Musings and Memories

Round us mounds are rippling fast,  
Wave on wave about us cast,  
Furrows, where the reaper passed.

First of all yon little rift,  
Where the soft snows gently lift,  
As a light breeze blows a drift.

"Dust to dust" they faltered low  
O'er the fair child long ago,  
Lying there as snow to snow.

Then, with hearts that ached and yearned,  
Bravely, patiently, they turned  
Toward the lessons yet unlearned ;

Toward the labor, hard and long,  
Toward the righting of the wrong,  
Toward the suffering, and the song ;

Turned, as we must turn, we know,  
Though our hearts lie bleeding so,  
As the roses in the snow.

Bleed and break, but bear and do ;  
Turn and lift life's load anew,  
Thorny pathways tholing through.

## Lays of the Lake

Turn, and take the labor up,  
Carrying an empty cup ;  
Other lips its joys may sup.

Live and strive, as they have striven,  
Not for what is gained, but given ;  
Toil for earth, and trust for Heaven.

## GUIDANCE

**A**S sailors through the long night keep  
Upon the stars a watchful eye  
And guide their bark across the deep,  
Reading their pathway in the sky ;

So, safely through the shades I move,  
Content along a trackless way,  
While steadily still beams above  
The Light that never leads astray.

THERE AND HERE

THE day rolls round, another year,  
And thou art there, and I am here.  
I thought we could not live apart,  
I told it to my broken heart ;  
And something whispers thou art near.  
I cannot know how near thou art,  
I only know that thou art dear.

I only wait, and hold His hand  
Who led thee on, nor understand,  
But that thou art with Him, and He  
Is, and will ever be, with me.  
I only wait, as love hath planned,  
Till darkness by the dawning spanned,  
Some day, some hour, mine eyes shall see,  
Shall greet thee in the Morning Land.



SLEEP, LITTLE MOTHER

**S**LEEP, Little Mother, sleep sweetly and  
rest;  
Light lie the lilies asleep on thy breast.

There, our first pillow, we lovingly lay  
Roses and lilies together to-day.

Pure, loving, gentle, and true to the end,  
Earliest, latest, and faithfulest friend.

Hold your sweet flowers, dear hands that have  
long  
Lifted life's burdens, so weak, yet so strong.

Sweet silent lips, could you utter the bliss  
Yon world unfolds, could we linger in this?

Rest, closèd eyes that have looked into Heaven;  
Not yet to us may that vision be given.

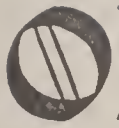
Peace, for the storm-beaten billows are past.  
"Peace!" speaks the voice of the Master at last.

Joy for all sorrow, and gain for all loss,  
Calm for the conflict, a crown for the cross.

Blest reuniting of each broken chord,  
And sunshine for aye in the smile of thy Lord.

Sleep, Little Mother, sleep sweetly and rest.  
Short be the parting!—But God knoweth best.

A GREETING



ON this day, Dearest, thou wast born,  
And, held by habit still, my heart,  
Thrilled by the first ray of the morn,  
Looks up to greet thee, where thou art.

Last night I watched those sister spheres  
In radiance rise, the starry seven ;  
And told again the circling years  
That mark, for me, thy life in Heaven ;

And wondered if the loving thought  
We cherish here was naught to thee ?  
If this dear day was now as naught,  
With neither mark nor memory ?

Do fond arms still around thee cling,  
In yonder home, as once in this ?  
Does some one say, remembering,  
We give thee greeting, and a kiss ?

It may be so, it may be so ;  
God's silent skies speak not, and yet,  
Our God is love, and this I know,  
Love, taught of Him, cannot forget.

GOOD-NIGHT

**G**OOD-NIGHT, good-night,  
To slumber light  
And happy dreams we turn away;  
Sink in sweet counterfeit of death,  
Stirred only by a gentle breath;  
And, waiting for the coming day,  
Across the darkness only say :  
Good-night, good-night.

And so, good-night,  
To eyes whose sight  
Shall greet no coming earthly day.  
More surely shall their morning rise,  
Than yonder sun shall climb the skies.  
Folded in sleep a while they stay,  
To rest earth's weariness away,  
A short good-night.

PART III

Children's Hour  
in the  
Sunset Parlor



# Children's Hour

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## A FOREST FIRE

**F**IRE! fire! the woods are on fire!  
Quick! how the flames leap higher and  
higher.

Down in the grasses the mischief began,  
Searing the clearing, as swiftly it ran;

Crisping the mosses, and curling the ferns,  
Catching the woodbine,—how wildly it burns!

Tossing a torch into every dark nook,  
Threading the thicket, and leaping the brook;

Chasing the creepers, till each, climbing higher,  
Blows his red trumpet, and cries: "Fire! fire!"

Sumac and goldenrod—how the flames spread!  
See them mount upward, all yellow and red.

Upward! the elm branches flicker and flare,  
Upward! the maples have caught the red glare.

Billows of flame toss the tops of the trees,  
Firebrands are flung on the breath of the breeze.

Stately, the oak sees its beautiful crown  
Burning, and turning from russet to brown.

Oh, our fair forest is doomed in a day!  
Hark! hear the North Wind—and what does it  
say?

## Lays of the Lake

“ Fires may be fierce—they are spent and expire ;  
Hearts may grow cold to their dearest desire ;

“ Flames may mount high, but my snow-clouds  
are higher ;  
Throw your white blanket, and smother the fire ! ”

## THE A. B. C. OF THE GODS

### A

**A** POLLO, Phœbus, god of light  
And music, radiantly bright,  
In flaming chariot rolled on high  
From morn till eve across the sky.

### B

Bacchus, for revel and for rout,  
With grape-wreaths twined his brows about ;  
He was the first to grow the vine,  
Or press its juices into wine.

### C

Cupid could speed his well-aimed dart,  
And fill with love fair Psyche's heart ;  
While Ceres covered field and plain  
With rising waves of golden grain.

### D

Diana, with her crescent crowned,  
Attended by her hunting-hound,  
Would chase the dappled deer at noon,  
And move, at night, the rolling moon.



E

Elysium, in the golden west,  
Was the abode of heroes blest ;  
But Erebus through darkness led  
To lower darkness and the dead.

F

Flora, the goddess of the flowers,  
Decked all the gardens, lawns, and bowers,  
While the fierce Furies and the Fates,  
Dealt destinies, and nurtured hates.

G

The Graces three o'er art held sway,  
And sweetly ruled each festal day.  
The Gorgons, likewise sisters three,  
Portrayed the terrors of the sea.

H

Hebe, of youth the goddess fair,  
The nectar of the gods did bear,  
Till once she tripped, and dropped the cup ;  
When Ganymede took it up.

I

Iris, the bright-eyed messenger  
Of Juno and of Jupiter,  
Often to earth on errands sent,  
Stepped down where bright the rainbow bent.

## Lays of the Lake

### J

Juno and Jupiter together,  
Ruled gods and men, ruled wind and weather.  
O'er all of earth and heaven unseen,  
They held their sway as king and queen.

### K

Kronos, or Saturn, banished king,  
In Tartarus lone wandering,  
Father of all the gods of old,  
Reigned in the famous Age of Gold.

### L

Lares and Penates in Rome,  
Though humble, were the gods of home.  
Still by the hearth pure Vesta stands,  
The Hestia of Hellenic lands.

### M

Mars was the glorious god of war ;—  
Right well we know his ruddy star ;—  
While high Minerva wisdom taught,  
And Mercury swift tidings brought.

### N

Neptune across the waves would speed,  
With trident raised and tossing steed,  
While sea-nymphs round his shell would play,  
And Tritons hold a holiday.

O

On Mt. Olympus used to dwell,  
As the most ancient poets tell,  
In Iliads and Odysseys,  
All the great gods and goddesses.

P

Pluto, in the dark world unseen,  
Ruled with Proserpina, his queen.  
As Phœbus ushered in the day,  
These in the realm of night held sway.

Q

Queer as it seems, none ever knew  
A god whose name began with Q.  
The Greeks, of course, could do no better,  
Their alphabet had no such letter.

R

Rhea was Saturn's queen, and she  
Had a most famous family ;  
Great Jupiter, and all the others ;  
She was the most renowned of mothers.

S

Selene all good Grecians knew,  
The moonlight mother of the dew ;  
But Sirens, singing in the sea,  
Put sailors' lives in jeopardy.

## Lays of the Lake

### T

Thetis was justice, still she stands,  
Holding her balance in her hands ;  
But o'er the dance, so light and free,  
Presided young Terpsichore.

### U

Urania, with her rod afar  
Traced forms of light from star to star ;  
Muse of the midnight, half divine,  
Matchless among the mystic nine.

### V

Venus, the name is Italy's,  
Dream for divine Praxiteles,  
Fair Aphrodite of the Greeks,  
Still from mute lips of marble speaks.

### W

We find no god for W ;  
Vulcan, though lame, will have to do ;  
He wrought in metals with huge blows,  
His forges were the volcanos.

### X

Xuthus first greets the Grecian light  
Just where it glimmers forth from night,  
Where vague, unwritten history  
Is merging out of mystery.

Y

Yet, though the foremost of his race,  
We set him in the final place.  
Thus is the scroll of fame reversed,  
And those come last who should stand first.

Z

Zeus, the great Jupiter of Greece,  
First among gods, with him we cease.  
We fare ye well, from A. to Zed;  
And so, our A. B. C.'s are said.

LADY JEANNE DE BEAUFORT

I



Of all the old stories old England can tell  
Of ancient romance and love lore,  
Not one is so tender and tearful as well,  
As the story of Lady Beaufort.

The poet Prince Jamie looked down from the  
Tower,  
Where he was imprisoned of yore,  
And there like a flower, in her fair garden  
bower,  
Stood the Lady Jeanne de Beaufort.

She stood mid her roses, the queen of them all,  
The Prince felt inclined to implore  
He might be permitted to rush forth and fall  
At the feet of this Lady Beaufort.

## Lays of the Lake

He wrote a long poem—not badly, I think —  
To her whom he learned to adore  
As daily he gazed, through his small window  
chink,  
At the beautiful Lady Beaufort.

Like fragrance of flowers that round her rose  
sweet,  
The poor prisoned Prince could but pour  
His humble oblation of love at the feet  
Of the lovely Jeanne de Beaufort.

But the time came at last to restore him his  
pride,  
His own royal right to restore,  
And back to fair Scotland he bore as his bride  
The sweet Lady Jeanne de Beaufort.

## II

There was crowning at Scone, on the sacred old  
stone,  
And what could King James have asked  
more?  
There was peace on the throne, with his gentle  
wife Joan,  
Our own English Jeanne de Beaufort.

But a dark day was coming. Alas, that it came!  
'Twas a day for good Scots to deplore;  
Conspirators cruel, led on by false Graeme,  
Broke the heart of the Lady Beaufort.

## Children's Hour

With the King at his need no defender stood  
near,

Not a broadsword or flashing claymore,  
Only brave Lady Douglass, the name above  
fear,

And his faithful Jeanne de Beaufort.

Right brave was the Lady; her fair arm she  
bared,

And with it she barred the great door.  
Till the bolt broke in twain, like a Douglass she  
dared

For her King and her Lady Beaufort.

And fearless and firm, in her patience and pride,  
Though cruelly wounded and sore,  
Till lifeless, her Lord fell at last at her side,  
Stood the loyal Jeanne de Beaufort.

Alas, for the deed! and alas, for the day  
That the poor hapless King ever bore  
From her beautiful garden of roses away,  
The dear Lady Jeanne de Beaufort.



THE SILLY GOOSE

THERE'S a queer old story which you shall hear.

It happened, once on a time, my dear,  
That a goose went swimming on a pond,  
A pleasure of which all geese are fond.  
She sailed about, and to and fro,  
The waves bent under her breast of snow,  
And her red feet paddled about below,  
But she wasn't a happy goose—oh, no !

It troubled her more than she could tell,  
That in the town where she chanced to dwell,  
The saying of "stupid as a goose,"  
Was one that was very much in use.  
For sneers and snubbing are hard to bear,  
Be he man or beast, I do not care,  
Or pinioned fowl of the earth or air,  
We're all of the same opinion there.

Now, as she pondered the matter o'er,  
A fox came walking along the shore ;  
With a pleasant smile he bowed his head,  
"Good-evening, Mrs. Goose !" he said.  
"Good-evening, Mr. Fox !" quoth she,  
Looking across at him tremblingly,  
And, fearing he had not had his tea,  
Pushed a trifle farther out to sea.



THE SILLY GOOSE





She had little harm to fear from him ;  
For with all his tricks he could not swim,  
And, indeed, his voice was sweet and kind.  
“ Dear Mrs. Goose, you’ve a troubled mind ;  
I only wish I could help you through,  
There’s nothing I would not gladly do  
For such a beautiful bird as you.”  
Which sounded nice, and was really true.

“ Well, then, Mr. Fox,” the goose replied,  
“ It hurts my feelings, and wounds my pride,  
That in these days my sisters and I,  
Who saved old Rome by our warning cry,  
Should be called the silly geese. Ah, me !  
If I could learn something fine, you see,  
Like writing, or reading the A, B, C ;  
What a happy, happy goose I’d be !”

“ Now, would you, indeed ! ” Renard replied  
As the floating fowl he slyly eyed ;  
“ I hardly know what ’tis best to say ;  
Let’s think about it a moment, pray.  
I may help you yet, my dear, who knows ? ”  
So he struck a meditative pose,  
And thoughtfully laid his small, red toes,  
Up by the side of his pointed nose.

## Lays of the Lake

“ Ah, yes ! ” he cried, “ I have it at last ;  
Your troubles, dear Mrs. Goose, are past ;  
There is a schoolmaster, wise and good,  
I know where he lives in yonder wood,  
To-morrow evening, you shall see  
In yon broad meadow his school will be.  
He'll bring a book with the A, B, C ;  
And he'll give his little lesson free.”

But now just listen, and you shall hear  
About that fox ; he went off, my dear,  
And he bought a coat, and a beaver hat ;  
And a pair of specs, and a black cravat.  
Next evening he came dressed up to charm,  
With the little “ Reader ” under his arm,  
Where the goose sat waiting without alarm ;  
For, indeed, she hadn't a thought of harm.

Had she looked at all, you would have thought  
She need not have been so quickly caught,  
For the long red bushy fox's tail,  
Swept over the meadow like a trail.  
But 'twas rather dark, for night was near,  
And another thing, I greatly fear  
She felt too anxious to see quite clear ;  
She was simply a goose of one idea.

The schoolmaster opens wide his book ;  
The goose makes a long, long neck to look ;  
He opens his mouth, as if to cough ;  
When, snippety-snap ! her head flies off.  
Now, cackle loudly her sisters fond,  
Who are watching proudly from the pond,  
While off to the town that lies beyond,  
The whole of the frightened flock abscond

That day, the geese made a solemn vow,  
Which their faithful children keep till now,  
That, never shall goose or gosling look  
At any schoolmaster or his book.  
So, if ever you should chance to hear  
Them talking of school, don't think it queer  
If they say some hard things, or appear  
To show a certain degree of fear ;  
It is always so with geese, my dear.

THE BUBBLYJOCK<sup>1</sup>

**A**T Abbotsford Sir Walter sat,  
His friends about the board  
In easy after-dinner chat ;  
When thus an English lord :—

“ Talking of troubles, we are told  
Each mortal takes his share.  
Now, there are happy lives, I hold,  
Exempt from thought of care.”

“ Not so,” Sir Walter said ; “ no heart  
That beats in human breast  
But bears apart some inward smart,  
Some burden of unrest.”

“ I’ll venture,” said my lord, “ I’ll find  
One neck without its yoke,  
One truly calm and tranquil mind.  
Take that daft laddie, Jock.”

By shaded walks of Abbotsford  
Sir Walter led them down ;  
Called the poor lad before the lord,  
Who, tossing half a crown :—

<sup>1</sup> Scotch pronunciation, joke.



- “ You live in luck, good Jock, I see,  
Well fed, light work to do? ”
- “ Oh, ay. The maister's gude to me ;  
An' I hae plenty, too.”
- “ Well said, brave Jock ; and now, once more,  
Of troubles know you aught? ”  
At once his face was “ sicklied o'er  
With the pale cast of thought.”
- “ Trouble eneuch ! Wha could hae mair? ”  
He shuddered as he spoke ;  
“ Oo, ay. Wi' fear I'm fashit sair.  
Ye'll mind the bubblyjock? ”
- “ The bubblyjock ! What thing on earth  
May that be? ” says my lord :  
Just then, amid a roar of mirth,  
They see, across the sward,  
A turkey-cock of stately size,  
Slow strutting into sight ;  
Poor Jock beholds with quailing eyes,  
And quickly takes to flight.
- “ Ah ! ” says Sir Walter, “ it's the same  
With all poor human folk ;  
Our troubles differ but in name ;  
Each has his ‘ bubblyjock.’ ”

FORGETFUL POLLY

**P**OLLY was a thoughtless child.  
She was never cross nor fretful;  
She was neither rude nor wild;  
No, but she was so forgetful.

Every errand she was sent  
Made the greatest fuss and bother;  
In at one small ear it went  
And it came out at the other.

“Polly, you must conquer this,”  
Many times Mamma had told her;  
But she was a careless miss,  
Growing worse as she grew older.

When her seventh birthday came,  
Came her aunts and all her cousins,—  
Many more than I could name,—  
You might count them by the dozens.

Thought Mamma: “I’ll try a plan  
To remind her of her folly.  
It is time that, if I can,  
I should cure my careless Polly.”

So she made a pretty feast,  
In the garden cool and shady;  
There were thirty seats, at least,—  
One for every little lady.

## Children's Hour

But when they all sat around,  
Feeling very gay and jolly,  
Strange to say, the children found  
That there was no seat for Polly.

"I forgot you," said Mamma.  
Polly waited in confusion,  
While they hunted near and far  
For a little box and cushion.

Then the plates were one too few.  
"I forgot again, my daughter."  
Oh! how red poor Polly grew  
When a wooden plate was brought her.

Spoons and napkins lay around,—  
There was never one for Polly.  
Soon her little playmates found  
She was growing melancholy.

She had neither cake nor bread,  
Cup of tea nor mug of water;  
Yet her mother only said:  
"I forgot my little daughter."

'Twas a sorry feast, 'tis true,  
For the heedless little creature;  
But she knew, as well as you,  
What her mother meant to teach her.

## Lays of the Lake

So, when all the friends were gone,  
To the very last relation,  
Polly and Mamma alone  
Had a quiet conversation.

Polly, after they had done,  
Made a promise, truly spoken.  
Such a good and real one  
It has never yet been broken.

And when her next birthday came,  
Came her cousins, gay and jolly ;  
And a cake, marked with her name,  
Written so : " For Thoughtful Polly."

THE LILY-CHILD

**H**ERE'S a seed upon the ground!  
Smooth and shining, small and round.

See! 'Tis lying just below  
Where the lilies used to grow.

Here's a secret you must keep,  
In it lies a babe asleep.

'Tis a cradle warm and tight,  
Let it sink down out of sight.

Spring will come, and from the skies  
God will call: "Awake! arise!"

It will stand up in its place,  
Smiling into God's own face.

Men will say: "It is a flower,  
It will wither in an hour."

God, who saw it when it smiled,  
God will say: "It is My child."

THE PASSING OF UNCLE REMUS

♦ I SEE a sad procession wind  
Along the pike, wherein  
“ De critters ” every one I find,  
“ Brer Rabbit ” first, and far behind,  
Poor old “ Brer Tarrypin.”

“ Brer Bar ” goes shuffling slowly by,  
His head bent to the ground ;  
The birds and bees all silent fly,  
While “ Mr. Bullfrog,” somewhere nigh,  
Croaks with a mournful sound.

“ Brer Wolf ” walks softly, and I “ ’low ”  
“ Brer Fox ” forgets his jokes ;  
They all “ ain’t sayin’ nuthin’ ” now,  
“ De critters ” feel, they don’t know how ;  
They feel “ des same like folks.”

“ Miss Cow ” in sadness shakes her head,  
“ Miss Meadow’s ” tears fall fast,  
“ Brer Tuky-buzzard’s ” wings are spread,  
A pall of shadow for the dead,  
The “ Old Man,” gone at last.

## Children's Hour

But there comes some one sadder yet  
Than these we've looked upon,  
The "Little Boy," with cheeks all wet,  
The friends who never can forget,  
"Miss Sally," and "Mars John."

Dear "Uncle Remus !" let us fall  
Behind, and follow you.  
The girls and boys come without call,  
And grown-up people, one and all ;  
We loved you dearly, too.



THE PRINCESS' CASKET

**A** ROYAL young Araby's daughter,  
A princess both gentle and fair,  
Received from the wise one who taught  
her  
A casket of ivory rare,

A casket of carving most clever,  
A dainty delight to the eye ;  
But, " Open it not," said the giver,  
" Until a whole year has passed by."

How oft with the casket before her  
The princess would touch the closed lid,  
And wonder, like little Pandora,  
What treasures beneath it lay hid.

But time still moves on though it lingers,  
The long year of waiting is past.  
With trembling of fair, slender fingers  
The casket is opened at last.

Alas ! for the treasure long cherished,  
Behold, but a small shroud of rust,  
A something whose beauty has perished  
As flowers go back to the dust.

Beneath, on the smooth satin lining,  
A small slip of parchment appears ;  
The princess, perplexed and repining,  
Unfolds it and reads through her tears :

“ This trinket, when herein I placed it,  
Bore one little rust-spot alone ;  
But time and neglect have defaced it  
Till now all its beauty is gone.

“ Learn, princess, how one fault or failing  
May injure a character fair,  
And virtue be all unavailing,  
If one little ‘ rust-spot ’ be there.

“ Place here in your casket a treasure,  
A jewel of untarnished gold ;  
Your eyes may behold it with pleasure,  
Still beautiful when you are old.

“ And you—with my heart's prayer I ask it—  
Oh, keep yourself spotless from sin,  
Your body the beautiful casket,  
Your soul the pure treasure within.”

THE SILENT SNOW

**W**HAT is the snow, the wonderful  
snow?  
Come here, little flakes that are danc-  
ing so ;

Come, whisper to me, and softly tell  
The secrets strange that you keep so well.  
All the day long I have watched you fall,  
Sifting and drifting beside the wall,  
Till the schoolhouse window was heaped and  
piled.

Did you hear them call me an idle child?  
Oh, slyly I slipped my slate outside,  
And I caught seven stars, and then I tried  
If you would not speak, and I bended low,  
And I whispered softly, " Pray tell me, snow ;  
Are you truly the stars that shine so high,  
And have you fallen out of the sky ? "  
And I lifted my head to list and wait,  
And seven great tears lay on my slate.  
I thought you were sorry that I should ask,  
So I sat quite still, and I learned my task ;  
But oh ! do you know, you puzzle me so,  
You beautiful, wonderful, silent snow.

In my little garden where flowers grew,  
There was nothing left when the cold winds blew.  
But my own white rose-bush was standing there,  
With its thorny branches all brown and bare ;

## Children's Hour

And the lily-stalks stood up tall and straight,  
And I wondered and wondered what made them  
wait.

But now the sweet rose that was left forlorn,  
Has a white wreath hanging from every thorn,  
And beautiful lilies swing to and fro,  
On the very stems where they used to grow.  
So, are you a fairy, I'd like to know,  
You beautiful, wonderful, silent snow?

But I have seen eyes that grew very sad,  
At the soft flying flakes that make me glad;  
And I have heard stories of mountains high,  
Where people fall down in the snow and die.  
Oh! are you a friend, or are you a foe,  
You beautiful, cruel, silent snow?

You are my friend, and I love you, too ;  
And I will not think naughty thoughts of you.  
I will laugh and frolic with you, and chase  
The saucy flakes that fly in my face ;  
And if ever the far-off time should be,  
That I with sorrowful eyes should see  
You dancing merrily down from the skies,  
Then you will forgive my sorrowful eyes ;  
For it never will be your fault, you know,  
My beautiful, wonderful, silent snow.

## Lays of the Lake

### BEIN' GOOD

**B**EIN' good's the queeres' go,  
Worstes' job I ever had.  
How's a feller s'posed to know  
When 'e's good, and when 'e's bad.

'Iste'day Aunt Sue sez : " Run,  
Take this letter up to town."  
An' I scrambled off like fun ;  
Run so fast I tumbled down.

An' the gravel peeled my nose ;  
An' my shoe bust out behind ;  
An' I tore my other clo'es :  
But Aunt Sue sez : " Oh, ne 'm mind.

" Yer a dear, good boy," sez she,  
" An' Aunt Susie 'll mend yer clo'es ;  
Jest ez good ez ye kin be !  
Auntie 'll kiss 'is little nose."

But to-day, when Nep an' me,  
Where her g'ranium plants is sticked,  
Tripped up accidentally,  
She wuz mad, an' got me licked.

## Children's Hour

Nights, when all the boys is out,  
    Playin' "den" er "chase the sheep";  
Then I'm sure to hear 'em shout:  
    "Time all good boys wuz asleep!"

But hot Sundays, when we set  
    Still in church, till I'm most dead,  
An' the flies hum-m-ms, an' you bet  
    I jest wish I wuz in bed;

Then they always interfere,  
    Givin' me a little shake,  
An' a-whisperin' in my ear:  
    "Good boys alwuz keeps awake."

So, that's jest the way it goes;  
    Worstes' job I ever had;  
'Cause a feller never knows  
    When 'e's good, er when 'e's bad.

GRAN'MA'S FLITTERS

**T**HEY'S a thing my Gran'ma makes.  
No, 'tain't bread, or 't isn't cakes ;  
Gran'ma calls it flitters, ow !  
Don't I wish't I had some now ?  
Some o' Gran'ma's flitters.

They're des' crispy-like, an' fried,  
An' they's apples all inside.  
How'd they git there ? I don' know,  
Guess you think 'at apples grow  
Right inside o' flitters.

Don't know flitters ? Well, I say !  
Where's your Gran'ma, anyway ?  
W'y ! I've eaten 'em before,  
Till I couldn't eat no more ;  
I'se des' full o' flitters.

An' that night, when I got home,  
W'y, the doctor had to come,  
An' he gi' me bitters.  
Guess 'twas ridin' in the sleigh,  
Er—'twas—sumpthin' ; anyway,  
'Twasn't Gran'ma's flitters.



THE OLD BLUE TILE

**Y**OUNG Marguerite, on a cozy seat,  
Sat by the nursery fire.  
“’Tis the hour to sew,” thought Madge,  
“I know,  
But to sew I’ve no desire.

“For the seam is long, and the thread goes  
wrong,  
And tangles, and knots, and breaks.  
I do not know why a girl should sew,  
Till she aches, and aches, and aches.”

So she looked a while at the pretty tile  
Above the nursery grate,  
All blue and white, with a castled height,  
Where a Prince rode out at gate :

And a pretty scene of a village green,  
(But of course the green was blue,)  
And a May-pole there, and maidens fair,  
All dancing the long day through ;

And, below, a cot, on a tiny plot  
Of the quaint old Holland tile,  
Where a maid in blue the long day through,  
Sewed on, with a patient smile.

## Lays of the Lake

Young Marguerite, on her cushioned seat,  
With her head laid softly back,  
Looked a long, long while at that painted smile;  
And forgot to sew, alack !

But, as still she gazed, she was much amazed  
At the thing that came to pass ;  
The Prince in his crown, rode slowly down,  
Through the waving, long blue grass.

It was all so queer ! The Prince drew near  
To the small blue village green,  
And he said : " I come from my castle home,  
For to seek a comely Queen."

Then the girls all danced, and duly glanced  
At the Prince, with winsome smile,  
And he gazed on each, without word of speech,  
And a sober face, the while.

" They be fair," thought he, " but how fair  
they be,  
I may little reck, I ween ;  
She must have more grace than a comely face,  
Who would be our castle Queen.

" To dance and sing is a pleasant thing,  
But a Queen who shall preside  
With a fitting grace in her household place,  
Must have other gifts beside."

Then he bowed adieu to the maidens blue,  
And he turned him unbeguiled,  
Toward the little plot with the lowly cot,  
And the maid who sewed and smiled.

Quoth he : " It is she, my busy bee,  
An she will, shall be my bride,  
With her needle keen, and her smile serene,  
And a comely face beside."

So they rode away to the castle gay,  
Where the silver bugles rang  
With a welcome din, as they entered in,  
And the drawbridge closed up, bang !

And Marguerite, from her cozy seat,  
Awoke with a start and screamed :  
" Why, the poker fell ! what a noise ! Ah, well,  
I must have slept, and dreamed."

THE SCHOOLHOUSE OUT OF DOOR

IN the long vacation-time,  
When the books are closed for good;  
Little children go to school  
In the meadow and the wood;

Where the brook goes singing by,  
Where the blossoms scent the air,  
Where the leafy shadows lie,  
Shutting out the noonday glare;

Where the sweetest songs are heard  
Underneath the arching trees,  
From the mellow-throated bird  
And the soft voice of the breeze.

In the long vacation-time,  
When the lessons all are o'er,  
What do little children learn  
In the schoolhouse out of door?

"Listen," says the busy brook,  
"I must hurry right along.  
See my banks, how green they look;  
Hear how merry is my song.

"Scatter blessings as you go,  
Deeds of kindness every day.  
Like a song your life shall flow,  
Crowned with verdure all the way."

## Children's Hour

"Take us," whisper the sweet flowers ;  
    "Breathe the balm from every cup ;  
For the fragrance is not ours  
    To be meanly hoarded up."

"Serve with gladness," sing the birds.  
    "Praise the Father, wise and good."  
'Tis an anthem without words,  
    Yet 'tis easy understood.

"Be not idle," says the breeze,  
    "Rise up early, labor late."  
"Be a blessing," say the trees ;  
    "Though you only stand and wait."

These the sweet and simple ways  
    Children learn, and many more,  
In the long vacation-days  
    In the schoolhouse out of door.

A SONG FOR SUMMER TIME

**C**OME to summer's merry-making,  
She has room enough for all;  
Come, good children, she is waiting;  
Don't you hear her thrushes call?

She has parlors big as meadows,  
Airy chambers in the trees;  
You may rest in swinging cradles,  
Rocked and sung to by the breeze.

Look down from your lattice-window:  
See her carpets, golden-barred,  
Treading softer than Axminster,  
Crossed with vines and daisy-starred.

Hear the bluebells ring for breakfast.  
There are courses, one, two, three,—  
Cherries, berries, juicy apples,  
Falling softly from the tree.

Hark! the breeze will shake the branches.  
Quick, my boy, hold up your cap;  
Sit you down, my little maiden;  
Let them tumble in your lap.

Here's a feast! and when it's over,  
Rest a while, then run and play;  
Wade the brook and sip the clover,  
Hide you in the new-mown hay.

Climb the hill to see the sunset ;  
    " Bedtime now," the bluebirds say.  
" Good-night, children," calls the summer ;  
    " You shall come another day."

### BYLO LAND

**H**OW many miles to Bylo land ?  
    Bylo, bylo, bye,  
    Wink-a-ty blink-a-ty Bylo land,  
    Holding a finger of mother's hand,  
    Oh, she knows the way to Bylo land,  
        Bylo, bylo, bye.

Which is the way to Bylo town ?  
    Bylo, bylo, bye.  
Rock-a-by, rock-a-by, up and down,  
In a blanket warm and a wee nightgown,  
Oh, that is the way to Bylo town,  
    Bylo, bylo, bye.

What do they see in Bylo night ?  
    Bylo, bylo, bye.  
Oh, the little lambs, so soft and white,  
They see them folded warm and tight,  
And they sleep and sleep till morning light,  
    Bylo, bylo, bye.



THE LESSON OF THE PEACH-TREE

**A** PEACH-TREE held up her bright blossoms

To welcome the warm sun of May,  
And the children put flowers in their bosoms  
And danced 'round her all the long day.

But the wind came at last and bereft her,—  
Her flowers flew away on the breeze.  
Then away ran the children, and left her  
The saddest of little green trees.

“Grieve not,” said the wind, “that I found you.  
Be patient, and hopeful, and gay ;  
For the children again shall dance round you.  
September is better than May.”

So she hoped, and the sun sent down sweetness.  
She watched for the rain and dew ;  
While onward to perfect completeness  
The fruit on her green branches grew.

She waited and hoped, and thereafter  
She stood a fair wonder to see ;  
And the children, with shouts and with laughter,  
Ran back to the little green tree.

## Children's Hour

Then she whispered, " Ah, yes. I remember  
The words the wind whispered in May ;  
And this must be lovely September,  
When peaches are given away.

" So I'll throw them all down to the children,  
With downy pink faces upturned.  
Come hither, my rosy-cheeked children,  
I'll teach you the lesson I've learned.

" Be hopeful, and brave, and believing ;  
Be patient, and never complain ;  
For all that is worth the receiving,  
Is worth the long waiting to gain."

So short is the lesson she teaches ;  
Yet those who receive it will see  
'Twill be better than all the sweet peaches  
That grew on the little green tree.

THE WONDERFUL MOTHER

**A** WINTER came, long, long ago,  
When southern sunshine, pale as death,  
Seemed frozen by the north wind's  
breath,—

A bitter time of ice and snow ;  
And cattle froze in field and fold ;  
Fleet horses fell, and travelers  
Died in their thickly muffled furs,  
Pierced by the arrow of the cold.

That cruel time an orphan boy,  
Through cold and hunger, up and down  
The streets of a Lothringen town  
Went seeking shelter and employ.  
Nearing the prince's palace there,  
At dusk into the stalls he crept,  
Where, in an iron-barred cage was kept  
The prince's pet, a surly bear.

Groping his way through shadows deep,  
The creature's bed of straw he feels ;  
Between the wide-set bars he steals,  
And wearily lies down to sleep.

Thankful, he breathes his little prayer,  
Piles over him the fresh-thrown straw,  
Feels, through the dark, a warm, soft paw,  
And tenderly the mother bear  
Draws the poor foundling to her breast,

## Children's Hour

Where, folded close the livelong night,  
In slumber warm and soft and light  
The little orphan lies at rest.

He steals away by dawning light,  
And wanders forth to seek his bread ;  
But gladly to his warm, soft bed  
He comes again, night after night.

The story strange is noised about ;  
And, coming to the prince's ears,  
He scarce can credit what he hears,  
But calls the lad to solve the doubt.

"And were you not," he said, "afraid  
To sleep beside my surly bear ?"

"No, sire, for I had said my prayer ;  
No harm can come when one has prayed."

THE SEVEN TREES

THE children begged for a story,  
“ Just one more story, please ! ”  
As under the gnarled old apple  
They gathered about my knees,  
While Saturday’s sun was setting  
Behind the orchard trees.

So I said : “ I’ll tell a story  
And a riddle both in one,  
About trees with bending branches  
Like those against the sun,  
And you shall tell me the meaning  
When the little tale is done.

“ A king had a lovely garden,  
Wherein stood seven trees,  
All laden with rosy apples  
More beautiful than these,  
And so lowly bent the branches,  
You might pluck the fruit with ease.

“ Now this kind king called the children,  
And he said : ‘ Come, gather free  
From six trees the rosy apples,  
But save the seventh tree.  
If you love me, little children,  
You will keep that one for me.’

## Children's Hour

" Were the children good and grateful  
To the king who loved them so ?  
I must not tell you the answer,  
But you yourselves shall show ;  
And the meaning of the story  
You may tell me, if you know."

Said the children : " We have gathered,  
In our six days' work and play,  
All the six trees' rosy apples ;  
And the King we will obey.  
The seventh tree is the Sabbath ;  
We will keep the Sabbath day."

THE POINT OF VIEW

*From the German*

**A** SPARROW, swinging on a branch,  
Once caught a passing fly.  
"Oh, let me live!" the insect prayed,  
With trembling, piteous cry.  
"No," said the sparrow, "you must fall,  
For I am large and you are small."

The bird had scarce begun his feast  
Before a hawk came by.  
The game was caught. "Pray let me live!"  
Was now the sparrow's cry.  
"No," said the captor, "you must fall,  
For I am large and you are small."

An eagle saw the rogue, and swooped  
Upon him from on high.  
"Pray let me live! Why would you kill  
So small a bird as I?"  
"Oh," said the eagle, "you must fall,  
For I am large and you are small."

But while he ate the hunter came;  
He let his arrow fly.  
"Tyrant!" the eagle shrieked, "you have  
No right to make me die!"  
"Ah!" said the hunter, "you must fall,  
For I am large and you are small."



TEN O' THE CAT-TAILS

“**G**IVE Jack ten o' the cat-tails !”  
Such was the rule of the ship ;  
It was either take heed  
To the law of the Mede,  
Or else it was take the whip.

Trice him up to the rigging,  
Fasten him foot and hand,  
His bare back blue  
With a strange tattoo,—  
The flag of his native land.

The eye of the Captain caught it ;  
For once was the lad in luck ;  
“ What's that on your back ? ”  
“ The flag, sir,” says Jack,  
“ The flag that never was struck.”

“ Then it shan't be struck on my ship ! ”  
And he turned him with a frown,  
And a wave toward Jack  
With the tattooed back,  
And a short, sharp, “ Cut him down ! ”

THE LILY'S LESSON

FROM THE GERMAN



LOVELY lily of the field,  
O lily, speak to me.  
Who bids thee stand, in all the land  
The fairest flower to see?

Thy white robe shines with gold-dust rare,  
Like sunlight sprinkled fine.  
King Solomon had naught so fair,  
O lovely lily mine.

'Twas God who brought thee forth to sight.  
How does He show His care?  
Do little angels come by night  
To deck thee fresh and fair?

And do they wash thy dress in dew,  
And dry it in the wind,  
And bleach in moonlight, through and  
through,  
Those angels, good and kind?

O lovely lily of the field,  
I hear thee speak to me:  
"Dear child, take heed; I will indeed  
Thy little teacher be.

"I question not, I only trust.  
That kind and gentle Power  
That raised me first from out the dust,  
Will keep the little flower."

THE ORIOLE'S REPLY

BY AMELIA H. SMULLER

**D**EAR little bird, pray tell me why  
In yonder elm-tree, swaying high,  
So far away from all the rest  
Of tiny birds you build your nest.

Red robin in the apple crotch  
Builds low, where I can peep and watch ;  
And little sparrows in the grass,  
Twitter " Good-morning," as I pass.

You have no richer nest than they  
Who live in a more humble way.  
Then why, dear birdie, tell me why  
You always build your nest so high.

Is it because you're gaily dressed,  
In shining coat and orange vest,  
And sing a song so sweet and clear  
That everybody stops to hear ?

Oh, are you really proud and vain,  
My pretty bird, that you disdain  
A lower place ? have you no fear  
For little ones when storms are near ?

## Lays of the Lake

There's One, my child, of whom I've heard,  
Who watches over every bird,  
He lives above the sky, you know,  
And tells the storms which way to go.

And that is just the reason why  
I always build my nest so high.  
It is because I love to be  
Near Him who takes such care of me.

## A MOTHER SONG

**H**OW many drops in the ocean lie?  
How many sands are on the shore?  
How many stars are in the sky?  
So many thoughts for the babe she bore  
Hath mother's heart, and more, and more.  
Over the ocean by and by  
A bonny bark will sail alone;  
Yet purer, brighter far, on high,  
Than any star that ever shone,  
Thy mother's love shall beam, and be  
Thy guiding star across the sea:  
A line of light along the wave,  
A silver ray, to seek and save,  
Till calm, and storm, and peril past,  
The shining shore is won at last.

THANKSGIVING DAY

**W**E call to mind Thanksgiving Day  
The long year that has passed away,  
The happy year of work and play ;  
Of busy school days flying fast,  
Of holidays too quickly past,  
Of winter turning into spring,  
That made the whole world laugh and sing,  
And of the long bright summer hours,  
That filled our hands with fruits and flowers.  
We hear once more the summer breeze  
That whispered through the leafy trees ;  
We climb the mountains wild and free,  
We feel the cool bath of the sea ;  
And as we count these pleasures o'er,  
Our hearts are thankful more and more.

How shall we show our gratitude ?  
By giving gifts and doing good ;  
Remembering to save a share  
For those who need our thoughtful care.  
So, through the good that we shall do,  
May other hearts be thankful too.  
And somewhere, on a leafless tree,  
Where we can all look out and see,  
We'll tie a golden sheaf of wheat,  
And all the birds will come and eat.  
So each and all, in their own way,  
Shall have a glad Thanksgiving Day.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

**M**ARK ! the bells are ringing ;  
See ! the bells are swinging.  
Merry Christmas bells  
Tell of happy meeting,  
Tell of gift and greeting,  
While our Christmas carol still the chorus swells.

This the bells are telling,  
By their fall and swelling,  
Blessed Christmas bells !  
Telling us the story  
How the Lord of glory  
Leaves His home in Heaven, here a stranger dwells.

Hear ! the bells are calling,  
By their rise and falling,  
Holy Christmas bells !  
Call us to adore Him,  
Bending low before Him,  
While our Christmas carol true devotion tells.

Loud the bells are ringing,  
Sweet the children singing,  
Answer them again ;  
While the angels o'er us,  
Join the Christmas chorus,  
" Glory be to God ! and peace, good-will to men ! "

CHRISTMAS CAROL

**W**HY did midnight Heavens glow  
With strange glory long ago?  
Why did shepherds leave the sheep  
They had waked all night to keep?  
Why did wise men walk so far,  
Following that wondrous star?  
Why did angels, bright and fair,  
Fill with songs the listening air?

Every little child can tell  
Why the wonders that befell;  
For, on that first Christmas morn,  
Christ a little child was born,  
Born that childhood might have part  
Ever in the Christ-child's heart;  
Born that age, all sin-defiled,  
Might become a little child.  
Come then, children, sing to-day;  
Angel voices lead the lay;  
Sing it o'er and o'er again —  
“Peace on earth, good-will to men!”



## Lays of the Lake

### MORNING SONG

FROM THE GERMAN

**W**AKE up, dear little child of mine,  
The morning sun begins to shine,  
And runs across the sky to say,  
“Good little children, it is day.”  
Oh, welcome, welcome, lovely light,  
That drives away the dreary night;  
Shine down, and make our hearts as gay  
And bright as sunshine all the day.

### EVENING SONG

**S**LEEP, my baby, sweetly sleep;  
God the Father thee will keep;  
Quickly now thy eyelids close,  
Softly, peacefully repose.

All without, in winds of night,  
Sway the lilies, tall and white;  
Far above thee, to and fro,  
Move the angels white as snow.

Come, ye angels, bright and blest,  
Soothe my little one to rest;  
Sway his heart, and move his mind,  
As the lilies in the wind.

Sleep, my baby, sweetly sleep ;  
God the Father thee will keep ;  
For His angel guards shall spread  
Shelt'ring wings above thy bed.

## SISTER'S LULLABY

FROM THE GERMAN

**S**LEEP, little brother dear,  
Sleep, love, and do not fear,  
Sister is watching near  
Close by thy cradle here.  
Bye, lullaby.

Dear eyes, you must not weep,  
Bright eyes, you must not peep ;  
Sleep, baby brother, sleep,  
Good angels guard will keep,  
Bye, lullaby.

Softly and safely lie ;  
Not e'en a tiny fly  
Dares to come buzzing by ;  
Sister is watching nigh.  
Bye, lullaby.

There, close the eyelids tight,  
Dream all things fair and bright,  
Sleep safe till morning light ;  
Dear baby boy, good-night !  
Bye, lullaby.

LITTLE TEMPLES

**J**ESUS, can a child like me  
Thine own living temple be?

Yes, Thy Spirit day by day  
In my heart will deign to stay.

Then that heart must ever be  
A fit dwelling-place for Thee.

Naughty tempers, thoughts of sin,  
These things must not enter in.

But a temple is a place  
Built for constant prayer and praise,

And the teaching of Thy word;  
Am I such a temple, Lord?

Yes, if all I do and say,  
In my work and in my play,

Shall be gentle, true, and right,  
Pleasing in Thy holy sight.

Help me, Lord, for I am weak,  
Make me hear when Thou dost speak.

## Children's Hour

Cleanse my heart from every sin ;  
Make me beautiful within.

Then shall those about me see  
That the Saviour dwells in me.

### CHILDREN'S FIRST COMMUNION

**J**ESUS, Thou hast spoken,  
Help our hearts to heed ;  
May Thy body broken  
Be our bread indeed.

Coming to Thy table  
At Thy loving word,  
Teach us, and enable ;  
Help our weakness, Lord.

Saviour, Thou hast taught us  
To remember Thee ;  
Thou, whose blood has bought us,  
Shed on Calvary.

Poured, as wine most precious,  
Freely, for our sake ;  
Cleanse us, and refresh us,  
As the cup we take.

So Thy love confessing,  
Till Thou come again,  
Fill us with Thy blessing  
Evermore, Amen.

THE WHITE FLOWER

**A**N angel came down at the evening hour,  
She held in her hand a fair white flower ;  
Where the little children lay in bed,  
She passed, and stroked each silken head.

“ The day is over my little one,  
Canst tell me any good thing thou’st done ? ”  
“ I tried to be patient,” says one. She smiled,  
And said : “ I bless thee, my little child.”

“ I forgave a wrong,” another said ;  
And she left a blessing on his head.  
“ I gave, without grudging, all my store.”  
“ I bless thee, my child,” she said once more.

She paused at a little lowly bed.  
“ And what hast thou done, my child ? ” she said.  
“ Oh, I have done nothing, all the day,  
For I was so happy in my play.

“ The sun was bright and the flowers were sweet,  
The grass was like velvet to my feet.  
The birds, they sang such a pretty song !  
I listened to hear them all day long.

“ And now it is dark, the day is done,  
And I have done no good thing, not one.”  
But the angel smiled : “ Thou, too, art blest ; ”  
And she laid the white flower on his breast.



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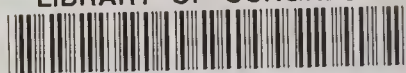
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